

The Rotarian

AN INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE

DECEMBER • 1953

Government Needs Them
FRANK PACE, JR.

Abolish School Patrols?
A DEBATE

Ways West



There's just one thing you forgot

(...and, unfortunately, it could put you out of business)

You've taken a last look around the office, snapped off the last light switch, flipped the lock on the door.

But if you're like too many businessmen, you've forgotten something.

You've forgotten something that could mean you're closing up your business, to-night—for good.

You've forgotten (or maybe you never realized) that unless the safe to which you've entrusted your accounts receivable and other business records bears the Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc. label, it can't be trusted. That, in case of a fire, it would act as an incinerator for your records once the temperature inside got above 350° F. You've forgotten (or maybe you never

realized this, either) that a fireproof building simply walls-in and intensifies a fire that starts in an office. That you can't collect fully on fire insurance without supplying "proof-of-loss within 60 days"—virtually impossible with records in ashes.

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Your Letters

Peavey or Pike Pole?

Wonders PERCY C. RAYMER, Rotarian
Engraver
Effingham, Illinois

The cover of THE ROTARIAN for November hit me right in the eye, because I lived several of my younger years in similar country: Vancouver, British Columbia.

I was never a logger, but unless I am very much mistaken that man on the log is not holding a peavey but a pike pole. The one this logger is using is a long slim pole tipped with a steel point, or pike. A peavey is a much shorter and stouter wooden handle tipped with a heavy steel point and ferrule, to which is hinged a large curved, pointed hook. It is used for grabbing and "rolling" the logs, not for "pushing" them around in the boom.

Loss Leaders Benefit No One

Thinks G. F. CROWLEY, Rotarian
Grocery Distributor
Southend-on-Sea, England

[Re: Loss Leaders?, debate-of-the-month for November.]

Loss leaders, or, as we should say, the cutting of prices, is not a practice of the majority of the best-known stores. Overhead is so very heavy that there is no margin of profit to enable a trader to do so. True, he does perhaps once a year have a clearance sale, but only with the idea of clearing old stock to make way for more salable lines. He has to bear in mind the big increase in trade required to make the same amount of net profit. Try to work out the amount of extra trade the merchant has to do to enable him to cut prices by 5 percent and then add the extra expenses he is put to in handling charges and you will see exactly what I mean.

One has only to scan the lists of bankrupts to see the large number who have found themselves in this position because they had the idea that to cut prices would bring more and profitable trade, only to find it did not work out that way.

No one will work for nothing, and the public soon finds out that poor service and cut prices go hand in hand. The result? They lose faith in the store. What benefit is it to the merchant when that happens?

Loss Leaders 'Vicious Practice'

Believes RAE P. STRATFORD, Rotarian
Furniture Retailer
Pocatello, Idaho

Irrespective of practices by competitors, I think the promotion or advertising of loss leaders is a vicious practice and type of merchandising [Loss Leaders?, debate-of-the-month, THE ROTARIAN for November]. Such procedures exhibit a weakness in merchandising whether or not such leaders are advertised as loss leaders or merely as "special purchases."

I am thoroughly in accord with the

DECEMBER, 1953

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CLIP THIS TO YOUR BUSINESS LETTERHEAD

State of Idaho's fair-trade law, which in some respects prohibits loss leaders. New customers gained from this unfair practice would, at the start, be "spoiled," expecting such bargains continuously. Customer confidence in a store with such loose standards would be difficult to establish. Few merchants in our community follow this practice and to my knowledge and observation none of my competitors does.

Re: Patronage Dividends

By F. L. GRAYBILL, *Rotarian Banker*
Spokane, Washington

In *Your Letters* in THE ROTARIAN for October I find a letter from Cecil Cosper, Walla Walla, Washington, Rotarian, about patronage dividends to members of cooperative corporations. He quotes from Rotarian H. L. Fowler's letter in the August issue, and comments in such a way that I wonder if he is familiar with Section 314 of the Revenue Act of 1951, with the Regulations issued by the Commissioner of Internal Revenue under that Section of the 1951 Act, and with various court rulings on the subject. The final form of these Regulations was issued in June, 1953, and Rotarian Cosper's tax services should have given him those new Regulations and the rulings as a matter of routine.

Rotarian Fowler's statement definitely is applicable in the United States. Many corporations do distribute their earnings or profits to their customers on a patronage basis; and if this distribution is made under the terms of a binding contract to do so, the amounts so distributed may be excluded from the income of the taxpayer cooperative corporation.

On Approaching Old Age

By MAX MACLEOD, *Rotarian Old-Age Assistance Inspector*
New Glasgow, Nova Scotia, Canada

As an old-age assistance inspector, I feel that Donald J. Thorman presented *The Case for the Elder Citizen* [THE ROTARIAN for November] in a very objective way. Suggestions for providing means for a livelihood for the still employable are sound—and society in some way must carry them out.

My work takes me among old people. Undoubtedly there are readers of these words who feel that the job of a pension inspector is a depressing one. But for every depressing case in pension investigation, there are the hundred and one simple heart-warming contacts with our elder citizens which the onlooker never sees, but which mean a new friend and a new inspiration to the inspector who recognizes the value of a friend and who is receptive to inspiration in everyday life.

In every community there are lonely old people who welcome a cheery word. An unexpected call will, I know, "set up" a man's spirits for days. Haven't you ever sat across the table from an old man who is an "authority" on government and listened for 15 minutes on how the country should be run and

then, after he had said it all, you chat about several other things and take your leave? Don't you think he feels better as a result of your visit? . . . And the little old lady you call on who tells you about her son who's a doctor out West. Her own people have heard about it many dozens of times—but you are a special one who should know. Doesn't it make you feel sort of warm inside, as you walk toward your car at the curb, that you have given her a few moments of happiness?

Let's not forget these elder citizens of our towns and cities. A few moments of our time will give them hours of happiness. And maybe by doing so we can help find an answer to one problem of humanity—that of old age.

'Timely Gift'

Notes A. W. HOWLETT, *Banker President, Rotary Club*
Vernon, British Columbia, Canada

Reading the *Hobby Hitching Post* in THE ROTARIAN for November, in which W. C. Daumüller, a Lebanon, Illinois, Rotarian, told of his hobby of wood inlaying, reminds Vernon Rotarians that we have one among us who has a similar hobby: Dr. Frank E. Pettman, a retired physician. The Rotary Club of Vernon was the beneficiary of it recently when Dr. Pettman presented a speaker's



A hobbyist shares with his fellows.

stand made from 16 different kinds of inlaid wood. The accompanying photo shows him (right) presenting it to me on behalf of our Club.

In view of the fact that our Club will be host to the 1953-54 Conference of District 153, the gift is indeed very timely.

Rotarians Back Statesmen

Says CARL P. MILLER, JR., *Rotarian Realtor*
Covina, California

Rotarians in California are well acquainted with the Junior Statesmen, something which Michael Costello overlooked in his interesting and informative article, *Stripling Statesmen*, in THE ROTARIAN for October. We realize, of course, that he couldn't include everything that can be said about these fine young folks and who encourages them.

But readers [Continued on page 56]

THIS ROTARY MONTH

NEWS NOTES FROM 35 EAST WACKER DRIVE, CHICAGO

PRESIDENT. As this page was being readied for the printer, President Joaquin Serratos Cibils and his wife, Sofia, were visiting Rotary Clubs in India and Pakistan, with more visits to come in Vietnam, Hong Kong, The Philippines, Japan, and Hawaii. Completed were Rotary travels in Europe, North Africa, and the eastern Mediterranean region....Among honors bestowed upon Rotary's President so far in his journeys: He was received by the Presidents of the Lebanese and Syrian Republics, and each conferred upon him, respectively, the "Ordre National du Cedre" and "La Médaille du Mérite Syrien."

CONVENTION. Soon December pages will be torn from calendars, and Rotary's 45th Convention in Seattle, Wash., will be no more than five months away. The dates: June 6-10. For Rotarians and guests who arrive early, the Host Club is planning a pre-Convention feature for the afternoon and evening of June 5. On June 5 the Council on Legislation also meets to consider Proposed Enactments and Resolutions to be presented to the Convention....For a glimpse of the U. S. West, its roadways, scenic high lights, and a bit of history, see pages 29-33.

MEETINGS. Constitution and By-Laws Committee.....Nov. 30-Dec. 1.....Chicago
Committee for Clarifying and Improving
Relationships between Member Clubs
and the Board of Directors of
Rotary International.....Dec. 7-11.....Chicago

FELLOWSHIP SORTING. The painstaking job of screening hundreds of applications for Rotary Foundation Fellowship awards for 1954-55 is under way. The sorting process was begun by Clubs in Districts eligible to select candidates for the coming year, with each Club qualified to endorse one applicant. This month the screening continues at the District level, with special Committees meeting to choose the District candidate from applications submitted by Clubs. The timetable for this academic sorting: Clubs to complete their interviewing and execution of forms by November 15; District Governors to receive Club applications not later than December 1; the Secretary of Rotary International to have complete files of District candidates by December 31 for review by the Rotary Foundation Fellowships and International Student Exchange Committee at its January, 1954, meeting. Final selections by the Committee to be announced in February, 1954.

GOVERNOR. Announced earlier in this department was the appointment of an Acting Governor for District 187 following the death of Tucker Wyche, who had been elected to that office at the Paris Convention. Recently Rotary's Board of Directors elected a new Governor to serve for the remainder of the year. He is George K. Marshall, of Austin, Tex., who served as a District Governor in 1943-44.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS....is ahead this month for many orphans, crippled children, old folks, and the needy, and Rotary Clubs in many countries will have a share in the festivities. For a glimpse of what some Clubs will be doing, see page 37.

VITAL STATISTICS. On October 28 there were 7,920 Rotary Clubs and an estimated 375,000 Rotarians in 88 countries and geographical regions of the world. New Clubs since July 1, 1953, totalled 86.

The Object of Rotary:

To encourage and foster the ideal of service as a basis of worthy enterprise and in particular to encourage and foster:

- (1) The development of acquaintance as an opportunity for service.
- (2) High ethical standards in business and professions, the recognition of the worthiness of all useful occupations, and the dignifying by each Rotarian of his occupation as an opportunity to serve society.

- (3) The application of the ideal of service by every Rotarian to his personal, business, and community life.
- (4) The advancement of international understanding, goodwill, and peace through a world fellowship of business and professional men united in the ideal of service.

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The Editors' WORKSHOP

THIS IS the season when the adult attitude toward the child warms and softens to the maximum. It can even melt a father down to the point of inviting his young sons to go to the office with him on a Saturday. We shall be forever grateful that it did, however. For on our desk Mr. Five Years of Age espied a name plate newly placed there. Peering at it and running his hand over its glassy bevel, he asked, "What is this, Daddy, a grave?"

"IS YOUR desk a grave?" (We offer the slogan free to harassed ad copywriters—though our junior partner may want some little commission in bubblegum.) Sam Ausman's desk is no grave—it's his window overlooking life!—even though it's in a sphere of human organization many call stultifying and enervating. You should know that Rotarian Sam wrote his story of his government job as an entry in a contest staged by the Federal Postal Employees Association and won first prize (\$1,000) with it! This version is, however, a considerable abridgement of his original.

IF IT seems early to be talking about Seattle and Rotary's Convention to be held there next June, think on these facts: this is the December issue; in January and February you will be making your reservations; March/April telescope about like that; and in May you'll be on your way! So, if anything, we're tardy in picturing *Ways West* and reporting on the *Keekwulee Men*. Next month the story of Seattle itself—many pages, lots of photos, a glimpse of entertainment plans.

DECEMBER MISCELLANY. Look closely at the big photo across the top of pages 24 and 25 and you will note a workman standing next to the crane. He is looking up at something—at our photographer who was dangling from the top end of that 60-foot boom. "Dangling" isn't quite exact; he was inside a 1½-yard concrete bucket, shooting this shot over the edge. Our thanks to Contractor Bill Schweitzer, Evanston Rotarian, for the lift. . . . In other photos on those pages you observe a few members of your Central Office staff. This reminds us that last January we half promised a good Rotarian in Kansas that we would pass along to you one fact about that staff which "so impressed" this man that he all but insisted we do it. Simple little matter of this staff of 130 people dividing up each year at Christmas time into seven or eight groups—

each group amassing roomfuls of new and used clothing and toys, baskets of fresh food, and bundles of cash to be taken to a Chicago family certified by local agencies as being truly in need. Do this instead of exchanging gifts, and the boys and girls of the staff who come back from their expeditions to those rude, cheerless, and often fatherless homes are very quiet and thoughtful for several days. . . . The address of this Magazine's former Editor-Manager Paul Teetor, for the many of you who ask, is San Gabriel Valley Newspapers, Inc., Covina, California; he is editorial director and a vice-president of this corporation, having made this new business connection several months ago.

DOING a small study the other day on reprinting c^e material from your Magazine, we ourselves were surprised to find that back in the '40s a certain U. S. company found one of our articles so much to its liking that it ordered a total of 210,000 reprints. An article next month marking THE ROTARIAN'S 43d birthday will tell you more about this kind of thing.



Our Cover

"IT WAS a case of love at first sight," says Photographer Paulus Leiser of the situation he photographed for our cover. He just put pup and tot together amid the tinsel and they did the rest. Camera Clix of New York supplied the transparency. . . . Now as for last month's cover of the lumberjack poling logs in a Washington State millpond, we've learned that we didn't know a peavey from a pike pole and that at describing a boom we were a fairly complete bust. Thanks to Percy C. Raymer (see page 2) and others for the education they are giving us in logging nomenclature. Now, you take a pitchfork—it has three, four, or five tines, a steel ferrule, hickory handle. . . . EDS.

THE ROTARIAN

ABOUT OUR CONTRIBUTORS

RICHMOND BARBOUR is director of guidance for city schools in San Diego, Calif. He holds degrees from two California universities and a Ph.D. degree from Yale. He writes a newspaper column called *Parents' Corner*. Is himself a parent of three girls and one boy.



Barbour

For a quarter century R. R. HAMILTON has been dean of the College of Law at Wyoming University. He is co-author of *The Law and Public Education*. After obtaining two degrees at the University of Illinois, he was graduated from Yale Law School. Two special interests: his granddaughters and quartette singing.



Hamilton

Ex-Arkansas lawyer FRANK PACE, JR., has held several U. S. Government posts, including those of Director of the Budget and Secretary of the Army. In World War II he was an Air Force officer. He holds degrees from Harvard and Princeton. . . . BRIGADIER GENERAL WILLIAM W. QUINN, a front-line officer in Korea, was on duty at Camp Rucker, Ala., when he wrote his article. He is now on duty in Greece. . . . A member of the West Honolulu, Hawaii, Rotary Club, JOHN FIELD MULHOLLAND is chairman of the Kamehameha Schools there.



Quinn

ROTARIAN DERYCK HUMPHRISS, of Benoni, South Africa, is an optometrist and lecturer whose hobby is writing. . . . Artist EDGAR MILLER, who drew the pictorial map on pages 32-33, is also a sculptor of note. . . . LLOYD A. MOLL, a Rotarian of Americus, Ga., is president of Georgia Southwestern College.



Miller

CRAWFORD C. McCULLOUGH, a Past President of Rotary International, is a medical specialist in Fort William, Ont., Canada. . . . Humorist PARKE CUMMINGS free-lances from his home in Connecticut. . . . WALTER R. HOFFELIN, a Seattle, Wash., Rotarian, is an insurance agent. . . . LOYD BRADY is an Assistant Editor of THE ROTARIAN.

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THERE IS A STAR

By JOHN FIELD MULHOLLAND

Rotarian, West Honolulu, Hawaii

FAR BACK in antiquity some watcher in the night learned that if he used the stars, he could find his way with certainty. That knowledge entered the wisdom of the ages. Caravans travelled across desert wastes. Horsemen rode over vast plains. Seafarers ventured from sight of land. The knowledge of the stars gave them security.

Of all the peoples on earth, the Polynesians made the greatest use of the stars as their guides. The largest expanse of ocean upon earth became their home. Without a compass, without charts or sextants, without even a written language to preserve their knowledge, the Polynesians discovered and settled the remotest islands of the Pacific in an age when all other races were landbound.

How did they do it? Part of their knowledge is lost, but enough remains to show us that they had a skill and a knowledge of the highest type. They knew seasons and ocean currents, they knew the prevailing winds and belts of calm, but most of all they knew the stars. Some keen observer noticed that at a certain season a rising star was in the same direction as an island. If they but held their course, they would come to that land. And to return they had but to follow the same star in its setting.

In an ancient chant there is recorded the vision of a man of faith. He did not know what lay beyond the horizon but he chanted, "I have chosen a star and beneath that star there is a land."*

With such a vision, an age of exploration began. The people who had come to the Pacific found their islands of Samoa and Tahiti and Tonga crowded. They became bold explorers who crossed seas as wide as the Atlantic. Far to the east they discovered and settled Easter Island. To the south they made New Zealand part of their heritage. They settled the many

islands of the South Pacific and, reversing the path of the *Kon-Tiki*, they probably visited the shores of South America. Far to the north they located the most isolated land on earth—the Hawaiian Islands. According to the chants of genealogies, for two centuries the distant islands of Tahiti and Hawaii were united by ocean voyages.

Almost as unbelievable as the fact that they made the journeys is the way they travelled. They used double canoes, the hollowed trunks of trees. Between the canoes for the long voyages there might have been a platform and a sail. The greatest of the canoes was but a few feet above the waves. Yet with a sail they moved with great speed. No other people in history have ventured so far with such frail craft. Yet they dared and dared again until they had peopled the Pacific.

"I have chosen a star and beneath that star there is a land." That was a great faith. And such a faith had within it self-reliance. They prayed, for the great oral chants which were their literature record the prayers they made. They had fears. There was one dread calamity which could overwhelm them. A storm could strike and the angry clouds blot out the stars. But in the midst of the storm, they still had faith in their own courage and strength. What then did they pray for? Not for rescue, not for someone else to help, but only that the skies would clear so they could find their course again by the star which was their guide.

Today we may feel that life is vastly different from the age in which the Polynesian heroes settled the far islands of the Pacific, yet the qualities which bring victory are no different today from what they were then. Every venture, whether it be on an uncharted sea or into a New Year, is a venture of faith, of purpose, requiring courage and persistence.

Centuries ago the story of the Star which guided the Wise Men to Bethlehem became part of the tradition of men around the world. It was more than a story for children. It was the formation of a faith which provided a guide for the future. It gave men a purpose, a design for the years to come. The vision is still with us today; the Star of Bethlehem still provides hope for millions who believe that here is the way for man to journey.

But if we have confidence in our great visions, have we the valor needed to pursue them? Have we the courage to undertake bold ventures? Dare we move from the sheltering shore to the great deep? Dare we follow our stars?

The future is the great promise. The past is not our hope. The years to come are the great years. Let us take courage from the brave who sang, "I have chosen a star and beneath that star there is a land."



* The translation of the ancient chant is from *Vikings of the Sunrise*, by Sir Peter Buck (Lippincott & Co.).

Hats Off!



TO SEVEN ROTARIANS IN THE NEWS



LEADERSHIP and service are marks of the true Rotarian . . . and here are seven men who wear the cogged wheel who have made news recently by being tapped for high posts of leadership in business, profession and government.



United Press News Pictures

*At the recent London premier of the film **The Conquest of Everest**, Colonel Sir John Hunt, who led the triumphant expedition up the 29,002-foot peak, chats with Queen Elizabeth II. He is an honorary Newtown, Wales, Rotarian.*



R. M. Hardy, of Edmonton, Alta., has been selected by the Professional Engineers of Canada as their leader for the year '53-54.



Joseph A. Sowell, of Brewton, Ala., was recently re-elected president of the Wirebound Box Manufacturers Association.

Alan C. McIntosh, Luverne, Mich., publisher, now heads the National Editorial Association. Its membership: 5,600 papers.



Utilities Manager D. K. Yorath, of Edmonton, Alta., has been named the chairman of the Gas Association of Canada.



R. W. Mayhew, of Victoria, B. C., is Canada's Ambassador to Japan. He has been a Rotarian since '18, was Club President in '25.



As its president, the United States Wholesale Grocers Association has named H. D. Shuford, Tyler, Tex., grocery-company head.



By **FRANK PACE, JR.**

Former Secretary, U. S. Army

Government Needs Them, Too

Needs whom? Read on, and then, if you agree, act!

ONE DAY several years ago when I was on a rather large assignment from my Government, I went down to North Carolina to observe a huge air-drop exercise. On the ground all around me soldiers were digging fox holes. To get the feel of things a little better I picked up a spade and started sinking a fox hole myself. "How am I doing?" I asked a soldier digging near me.

"Fine," said he, "but you know, Mr. Secretary, I think a few live shells would improve your technique."

We were still laughing about this when another soldier came

up and asked if he might take my picture as I started a new fox hole. "Sure thing, Son," I replied, and fell to work. It seemed to be taking the young man a long time to snap the picture and I finally stopped and asked whether something were wrong.

"No, sir, nothing's wrong," the soldier answered. "That's my fox hole you're digging and I'd like a picture of you when you've finished it."

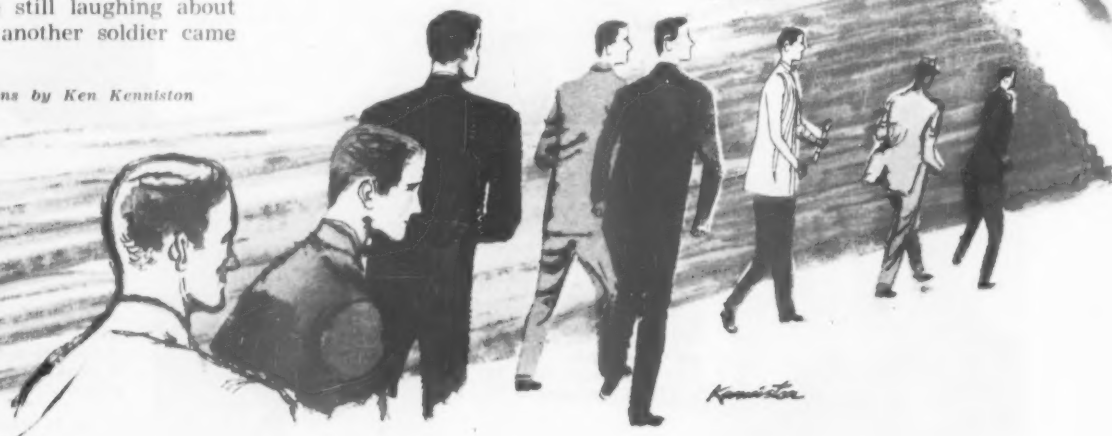
Whenever I think of our young

people and of the monumental responsibilities they are about to inherit, I think of those two young men down in North Carolina. They were healthy, intelligent, full of good humor—and sharp as tacks. Is anyone urging young people of that description to go into government, to seek careers in the service of the public? Is anyone saying to the finest of youth that there are challenges and satisfactions in helping to govern a nation or state or province or city that are not excelled elsewhere? Is anyone saying to the brightest and best balanced of youth, "We need your kind in government. We need you."?

Somebody, I think, had better. For the wisdom, judgment, and seasoned knowledge of the older heads is not enough. If government is to accomplish all we expect it to—and in my country that means fulfilling the tremendously difficult rôle of world leadership which has been thrust upon it—then it will need a constant influx of young men and women of the highest caliber, and representative of the best that society and education can produce.

You who are reading this are business and professional men. You are rather special business and professional men for you are dedicated to working for better

Illustrations by Ken Kenniston



communities and friendlier nations, and you are special friends of youth. Almost every man among you exercises a major influence on the lives of a few or many young people.

Naturally and wisely, you who are doctors go out of your way to persuade a uniquely gifted young person to enter the medical profession. Rightly and properly, you who are lawyers foster the legal ambitions of youngsters who, you feel, have particular talents for the law. You of religion and science and trade, each try to claim for your field the young people uniquely qualified for these professions. You should. But who will do the same for government—which is an interest that ought to be close to the hearts of doctors, lawyers, ministers, scientists, merchants, and everyone else alike! It is at once a matter of self-interest and public interest, and it is an urgent one. Never has it been more urgent that men and women of character, courage, and ability enter this vital field.

Historically, government played a minor rôle in America. Behind the protective barriers of two oceans our people concentrated upon developing their enormous natural resources and building an industrial complex second to none on earth. Government played but a small part in this process and many Americans came to consider it as something apart from the people. Aside from the highest offices, the public service was regarded with little more than tolerance. Certainly it was not a field in which the average young man of family and education would cast his lot. Two world wars, however, blasted our country into a position of international importance and left upon it the duties of leading the whole free world. We have been obliged to assume the responsibility for mounting a global defense against a worldwide threat of aggression. We are faced by the problem of preserving our cherished institutions in the face of unprecedented pressures both from within and from without. We must conduct our foreign affairs with consummate skill in order to maintain the structure of international coöperation. We must devise the means

On Putting Some Sap into It

IN HIS great short story *The Death of Ivan Ilyitch*, Tolstoy paints the picture of a judge in the lower courts of old Russia. In a summing up of Ilyitch's official attitude he says, "Ivan Ilyitch had learned the art of excluding from all official business everything that had the sap of life in it."

These few words, at one stroke, reveal to us all that is worth saying about men and their relation to a government job. The rest is bookkeeping. For, after all, the public servant is a working expression of the desire of people to live socially instead of as animals. He is the measure of our distance from the cave man, who met all his problems as an individual, or perished. He is society's attempt at coördinated action by means of a specialist available to all. He is a public servant. His job has a meaning to the extent that he is faithful to whatever light is at hand.

It is a long step from the jungle to the Pentagon, but the true meaning of an official job must still be sought within the man. Whether he be ambassador or dog catcher, he alone can put the sap of life into his work. He must decide whether his job means no more than roof and bread, or whether it is part of a great way of life.

Democracy means to me that great way of life. We public servants are its eyes, its hands, its feet. Our way of life speaks to the world by and through our persons. It says, "Here is the living expression of our unyielding belief that free men can decide for themselves what needs doing; that they can delegate the doing of those things to men in whom they place their trust, so that all are finally benefited."

And with us, the rank-and-file holders of government jobs, rests the responsibility of giving meaning and truth to that voice. It is our tone that gives it color. Once we know ourselves for a part of that way of life, it matters not that here and there a fellow worker has been found derelict. It is but one more reason for the mass of us to gird our loins anew. The far-flung breakwater of democracy will not be abandoned because of a rotted pile. It will be replaced.

The negative virtue of simple honesty is good, but it is not enough. We alone can add to our official jobs the sap of life. And if we would cram that job full of meaning, we must do it. We must think of ourselves as the torchbearers of democracy. We must not only patiently serve but also must patiently educate; not only



By Sam Ausman

Rotarian, Williamsburg, Ohio

cherish the ideal of democracy but plant and nourish that ideal in the hearts of our fellows. For in the long run our way of life will be judged by its effectiveness. And its effectiveness depends not upon the wearers of gold braid, changing from day to day, but upon the dependably consistent performance of those varied human cogs that make up the great machine of our civil service.

Democracy is challenged today by a considerable array of other forces in the world. And it is interesting to note that none of these other organized ways of life has a free and untrammelled system of civil service for the selection of their public servants. Political beliefs, loyalty to individuals, and racial ties set the standards for their way of life. The implication is clear. The challenge is explicit. We civil servants have only to look about us to find a new and tremendous meaning to our jobs.

The meaning of our jobs is found in what they mean to our people. If the mass of the people once lose faith in their humbler public servants, the void will be filled by the dark flood that presses forever upon us. We dare not let the bulwark of faithful public service crumble.

Whether we collect tolls at a bridge or mold the lives of children, whether we collect garbage or dispense public funds, each must ask himself, "What does this job add to our way of life?" And then follow with the more soul-searching question, "What have I added to this job? Have I put the sap of life into it?"

And when the public servant has added something to his job that cannot be found in the book of rules—when he has quickened the word with the spirit—then will he say, "A government job means more than bread and a roof to me because I am making it mean a way of life to me and to my fellow citizens. I find the meaning of my job in them."



LEGACY

*Maybe you haven't a dime,
but you can give your
town \$56,000. Here's how.*

YOU can leave your community nearly \$56,000 while you're alive—and with 19 other Rotarians you can raise the sum to more than a million in a living legacy.

And you can enjoy your own legacy in person instead of as a ghost. You can see your will in operation. If you don't like the way it's working, you can change the terms to something more functional—because you're the executor and you're executing service.

Figure the \$56,000 this way: If you were to save \$2 each day for the next 35 years without touching the principal and reinvesting the interest, you'd have a goodly amount. Calculate your interest at 4 percent compounded semiannually.

The accumulation would be slow at first, of course, but by the end of 35 years your total would be \$55,904.54, nothing to be sneezed at even in today's dollars.

Now take 20 Rotarians, including yourself, doing the same thing and multiply their deposits. Comes out to \$1,118,090.80. What could your community do with such an amount?

Where would the community get it? From you donating your services for community work for one hour each day. With hourly wages what they are, \$2 an hour is low, particularly for work which benefits everyone including yourself.

If you teach Sunday school for an hour each week, certainly \$2 can't even begin to measure the timeless value of your work: there is no real monetary measure.

How do you evaluate your other services to young people, something every Rotarian gives? Handicapped children, youth centers, an hour or two with a Scout troop—work like that builds up commu-

nity dividends that will be paid forever, not only to your home town but to the national community.

Work on Community Chest fund drives may not be all fun, but its effects are incalculable—and the interest is paid throughout your life in terms of assistance to your fellowman.

There are almost literally thousands of other ways in which you can give an hour of service daily to build your living legacy to your community.

Some of us, of course, may amass fortunes in our businesses. These necessarily will be distributed in one way or another at our deaths. We may give the fortune away during our lifetime, either through charity or philanthropy, and so make ourselves richer. We may hoard it and so make ourselves poorer.

But beyond any question we can't take it with us; we may be so busy we can't enjoy it while we're here. That's where the living legacy helps us as individuals. We have it at the same time we're creating it, and we're giving it to ourselves through our fellow human beings.

What you do through service is to make your will in favor of your community. Instead of saying so much for Aunt Susie, and that for Willie, and the rest to your dearly beloved wife, you say, "My community has the best part of me in perpetuum."

Why wait until you're dead? Why not build a living legacy of your todays and tomorrows that pays dividends today? Your will might not stand up in a court of law, but it will in the hearts of your community.

—R. W. Larson
Rotarian, Albia, Iowa

to control the vast new forces that science has made available; we must do this in such a way that they will serve mankind and not destroy it.

To accomplish these things we will need people—intelligent ones, healthy ones, loyal ones, imaginative, enthusiastic, honest ones—and the only steady supply of them is the youth of the land.

I have been privileged to see a great part of America's youth, and I would say to my countrymen—and to all others who have a deep interest in the trends of American history—that I have the greatest faith in it. It was my privilege as Secretary of the Army to award many Medals of Honor. Unfortunately many of them were posthumous. But if you could read just a few of the citations for Medal of Honor winners, your faith, too, would grow by leaps and bounds.

I'VE SEEN our youth in high schools and colleges and in posts, camps, and stations all over the world. From them I have had the most challenging and considered questions that I have been asked by anyone. I have seen them in Korea, their morale still high despite the most difficult of conditions. From the chaplains I have heard that the chapels are crowded as never before. In Alaska and Korea I saw chapels built by the men's own hands, and I met chaplains in the airborne who jumped with their men though no one asked it of them. As one who had the privilege of leading a million and a half young men and women for three years, I can tell you that the youth of my country are as sound today as at any time in history.

These are days of great challenge for us all. If we are to meet it, if we are to fight through the enormous problems that beset us, we shall need to follow the guiding star of public interest—the greatest good for the greatest number. One thing you and I can do to follow it is to start now to steer some of our select young friends into the paths of government, telling them for what may well be the first time in their lives that "Government needs you, too."



Trust Honored in BENONI

Headlines missed this story of

Rotary service in South Africa.

By DERYCK HUMPHRISS

Rotarian, Benoni, South Africa

THE troubles of Central and Southern Africa had made especially black world headlines over the week-end. There had been murders, mob violence, and riots in three large centers. Yet on the following Wednesday 26 peace-loving Europeans drove into the dimly lighted African residential area of their town to attend a musical concert. For their safety they depended on the African's appreciation of his progress under a wise local administration and on Rotary goodwill held out to him since he came to dig for gold in the Witwatersrand reef, the most valuable strike in the world's history.

Because this was happening in Benoni and because it was indeed the Rotary Club of Benoni which had organized the concert, it is important that I tell you a bit about

this town of ours here in the Union of South Africa before I get on with my story.

Benoni had mushroomed up overnight back in the middle 1880s—a cluster of shanties housing the white miners who burrowed down into the newly found reef. The week-end fighting, gambling, and free spending would have reminded an American of his own West of bygone days. Then when natives were brought to tunnel for the buried gold, the struggle between two civilizations began, and in an atmosphere antagonistic to understanding. The white miner taking his Zulus underground found them full of strange ways. He could not understand their tongue or their spontaneous laughter. He did not appreciate the symbolism of their

war dances at which they sweated under the week-end sun. He agreed with his bosses that the only kind of rule these people understood was the strict rule their tribal chiefs had always meted out: that they should be worked, fed, paid a little, and returned to their tribes.

But the black miner, lounging on his native hillside, yearned to renew his contacts with civilization. Returning, he found that now there was also other work to be had with higher wages and



In a hall built with municipal funds, the author presents a singing trophy from a Briton to a native chorister.

Benoni City Times



This prize-winning chorus—from Germiston—singing religious songs followed a Zulu war dance in the native Elatedfodd.

greater freedom. For Benoni was shaking off the dust of the mines and becoming a manufacturing center. Industry was bringing prosperity. Millions of pounds were going into buildings and plants. The African, hungry for employment, trekked from his tribe to the new Eldorado.

And the longer he stayed, the more he wanted the white way of life. Organized demands were heard, for better housing, for schools, for recreation grounds. It was during this industrial revolution, when gamblers made fortunes with spiralling land values and the poor fended for them-

AN INTERNATIONAL COMMUNITY SERVICE FEATURE

selves as best they could, that the Rotary Club of Benoni was born.

The type of man who makes a good Rotarian anywhere else makes a good one in South Africa. The line of his jaw suggests that prejudice will not deter him when he wishes to serve, and soon the hand of Rotary in Benoni was felt in the problem. Where before only municipal officials had gone to native dwelling areas, white men wearing little wheels visited the black men in their homes.

The war aggravated the problem; increased output demanded more labor. Wages rose, factories spread, surrounding the native residential areas. The Rotary Club, shorn of its young blood, struggled on. With the coming of peace, the reborn African Affairs Committee of the Benoni Rotary Club looked at a problem far worse than that on their prewar agenda. The African residential area was now land locked. There was talk of two families living in one room, of crime, and of impending trouble. Africans were living in back yards, in huts, in far-away garages, walking to work through the early dawn. Benoni knew that within its borders it had a festering sore which would shortly burst and suppurate into European areas. But no one knew the treatment for this sore; there was no doctor whose reputation was big enough to tackle it.

Alert and anxious, the Rotary Club heard that some condemned houses, occupied by coloreds, the half caste between black and white,

were to be demolished—with no alternative accommodation to be made available. A few days later an influential Rotary delegation waited on the Town Council and with the determined calmness of a carefully considered case won the day. The colored people were left in their houses until others could be built for them. In due time they were moved to Southville, a township of brick homes, of which they might be justly proud.

It was not long before the African Affairs Committee was back in the Council chamber again. Rotarian Leo Lovell, a lawyer and now an M.P., led for their case. "These people," he said, "need sporting facilities. They need football grounds, running tracks, and tennis courts." The anticipated answer came back: "There is no ground, there is no money. . . ." But the delegation had come prepared; the whole Club had been briefing it.

The mining engineer had surveyed a piece of flooded ground and showed how it could be drained. Financial experts had found means of providing money. Interested Rotarians had investigated other towns where the Africans already enjoyed these facilities. Every question was answered, and finally the Rotary Club said that if the Council would provide the facilities, the Club would found the necessary Bantu Clubs, advise, train, equip, and finance them. Within 12 months the Rotary Club organized the opening ceremony of the new sports ground.

During these changes—which saw the Town Council establish a new Department of Non-European Affairs and engage a man of vision, planning ability, and ruthless drive to head it, with the result that hundreds of Africans are renting snug new homes for themselves—Benoni began to arrange its annual cultural festival. It would be a month of music, ballet, drama, and art. For the first time the Africans were asked to take some part in it. Knowing this the Rotary Club was not surprised to receive a letter from an African group which wished to accept the invitation.

This group's ambition was an

African music, art, and drama Eistedfodd for 3,000 competitors. They explained that they had no funds for the large trophies they would need if they were to attract the better African choirs. Nor could they afford judges' fees. "Our contribution to the festival," they said, "will be the biggest thing yet attempted by an African committee." They were a little frightened of it and needed encouragement. Benoni Rotarians urged them to go on with their plans, agreed to donate the trophies and find the judges.

At last all was ready, the program printed. After eliminating judges had heard 2,880 competitors, finals were arranged for six nights. There was no friction—only the little problem of "African time," which is the habit of arriving late, without excuse or apology. Several choirs arrived two hours after their class had sung, and one arrived five days late. Yet all were heard, weary judges staying with their task of hearing 36 choirs night after night—and once until dawn.

This, however, was not really important. What was important was that huge audiences night after night heard some truly beautiful singing, one choir being given 100 percent by an adjudicator who commented that he had not heard its equal in Europe.

THE BENONI Lutheran School choir won its section with 70 voices singing in a whisper, when every word could be heard. A visiting English Rotarian, entranced with the Bantu music, donated a trophy which made a remarkable impression on the Africans, who were surprised to discover that Rotary was not a Benoni organization, but also existed in other parts of the world.

Now it only remained to see the Wednesday-night prize-giving concert through and another Rotary task would be completed. In this, we had a special interest for the African Committee had named the function the "prize winners' concert in honor of the Benoni Rotary Club."

But the Monday-morning paper brought a nasty shock. There had been further serious riots. The police, the paper said, were at the

ready; if necessary, the Army would be called out. Rotarians, apprehensive about the concert, came to the Tuesday luncheon with long faces.

In silence the President called on our member who had served as our liaison with the African group to make a statement. He maintained it would be safe to visit the location, that it would be retreating to let the Africans discover that they had lost our support through fear of their own unruly elements. Other speakers depicted the remarkable progress made under a wise local administration—the ward elections for a Bantu council, the new sporting clubs, the model housing estates which were rising where squatters' camps once stank. Surely the educated Africans, impressed with these gains, would see to our protection.

Thus it was that on the following night our band of 26 headed along the newly laid macadam roads leading to the native area, hopeful of the reception 40,000 Africans had arranged for us.

Happily our trust was honored and our fears soon allayed by the flashing smiles of greeting. The press and senior officials were already there, admiring the glittering trophies donated by the Club. An official of the Bantu broadcasting service had come from Johannesburg, talent scouting. The evening was a great success.

To close the ceremonies an African, Mr. Mokgokong, bachelor of science of a South African university, speaking impeccable English, offered a vote of thanks and asked his audience, "What is the Rotary movement? How is it Mr. Lyons of Great Britain has sent us in Benoni a cup? These Rotarians believe that they must work for better racial relations all over the world. We Africans have seen with our own eyes how this group in Benoni is living up to that motto. We must help these men in their work. We are progressing without violence, therefore we do not need violence." The African audience cheered this impassioned appeal and the meeting ended.

Benoni has seemed a little better place to live in since that night—and your sister Club is happy if what it did helped make it so.



DON'T KILL YOUR DOCTOR!

SUPPOSE you're a doctor. Just as you are about to climb into bed, the 'phone rings. One of your patients has taken a turn for the worse. You answer the call: you know it's serious.

Ninety minutes or so later you drag home only to find that another call has come—to tell you that Mrs. X is having her baby. That develops into a siege which robs you of a night's sleep; you might, if you are fortunate, get as much as an hour before facing your regular daily round of hospital calls and an office full of sick people.

It can go on like that until every nerve in your body is screaming for sleep. Then one night a total stranger, Mary Jones, calls: "My baby is dying, Doctor! You've got to come!"

What do you do? You don't know the woman—maybe the baby really is sick. So you ask, "Who is your regular doctor, Mrs. Jones?"

The pause is significant. "Well, I've had Dr. A. a couple of times, but I don't care for him."

"Did you call him tonight?"

"No."

So you feel that perhaps Dr. A. knows Mrs. Jones as one of those hysterical night callers. You, tired, longing for sleep that has been denied for days and even weeks, what do you do?

You know from experience it's a good chance that if you go, you'll find Mrs. Jones with only a mildly ill baby, that possibly the reason she doesn't like Dr. A. is that he went the first time and discovered the baby only slightly ill, and that Mrs. Jones merely had worked herself into a state. Subsequently, Dr. A. had suggested that Mrs. Jones bring the baby around to the office the next time—in the morning.

But suppose you don't go and the baby dies? It has happened; it's the old story of "Wolf, wolf!"

and just as in the old story there sometimes comes a real wolf.

How are you, the doctor, going to protect yourself from the false wolves? How are we, the public, going to protect ourselves when the wolf is real?

The answer is that both can be protected if you, as a patient, will follow these six rules:

1. Choose a doctor in whom you have confidence and *stick with him*. All doctors have a reasonable degree of competence, else they could not have passed their medical-school examination. Your physician, if he knows you, will know whether a 2 A.M. call is justified.

2. See the doctor at his home or office during regular hours if you possibly can. Treatment facilities are better there, and he shouldn't be forced to work under any more handicaps than absolutely necessary.

3. Emergencies aside, when one of your family is ill, call your physician between 6 and 8 P.M. Don't wait until 3 A.M.

4. If you need a doctor in an emergency and you don't have a regular physician, don't go down the list of physicians in the 'phone book and call them one after another. You will have greater success if you (1) use the special number set up by 400 county medical societies to take emergency calls, (2) call the operator, or (3) call the nearest hospital and ask for the name of a physician who would be available.

5. If you must call the doctor in the small hours, don't insist that it's an emergency. Describe the situation calmly and let the doctor decide.

6. Finally, if you look on each minor illness as a major crisis, don't blame the doctor if he thinks you are calling "wolf" when you need him most.

—Jay Carroll





WHEN the first atomic bombs were dropped over Hiroshima and Nagasaki, the world knew upon the instant a new day had broken for it. Yet eight years later we seem but little wiser in the ways of an Atomic Age. If we have changed at all, it has been mainly a change toward increased hysteria and multiplied savagery. Now, while there is still time, we need to increase our understanding of this new era which came upon us in so catastrophic a manner.

Why? There seem to me four good reasons why you and I should try to see just where we are in this new world: (1) because we are scared; (2) because the control of nuclear energy is undoubtedly the greatest single issue between nations today; (3) because we want to see this vast new energy applied to peaceful ends by private enterprise; and (4) because we are philosophically and religiously concerned.

We are rightfully scared. No man should hesitate to admit it. Anyone who is not scared is deficient in a fundamental safeguard Nature provided him for his survival. Sir Oliver Lodge, the eminent physicist-philosopher, observed three decades ago that there is enough energy in a grain of dust off the streets of London to blow up the entire British fleet. "Let us

pray to God," he added, "that we shall not get access to that energy until we are wise enough to use it." Events didn't develop in that order—and now we are scared. We should also sense that a scared world is a more dangerous world.

Thus, it seems that we have climbed on a tiger's back and can find no safe way of getting off. For as we commit ourselves further and further to a reliance upon atomic power for safety, it is daily becoming more difficult to see where and when and how the shift may be made to an international relationship consistent with the present potential of our civilization. Yet as long as nations must deal with each other upon this basis, it is manifestly necessary that each nation look to its ability to defend itself if it is to survive. We must hold each other at bay. This is a grim necessity, but it is compelled upon our age. It will take much peaceful experience to remove it from us.

The control of nuclear energy is the major issue between nations. In our present state of world affairs, when the subject of international relations arises, it is many times more likely that the individual will think of atomic bombs than he will, say, of foreign



YOU AND I AND THE ATOM

BY LLOYD A. MOLL

President, Georgia Southwestern College; Rotarian, Americus, Ga.

Illustration by Franklin McMahon and Filmgraphites

trade. This is so because, despite the secrecy that has surrounded the subject and the attempt to contain atomic knowledge along national lines, the atom is international in origin and by its character it is destined to remain so.

No one has sensed this more clearly than the scientists themselves, and their concern has sent them into the political arena asking to be heard. Immediately after the first bombs had exploded, 400 scientists who had taken part in their construction banded together to urge that this knowledge be shared. They remembered that the United States had been vitally dependent upon the contributions of refugee scientists from many lands in the development of the first bombs, and that these scientists had helped to tilt the scales in America's favor in the international atom race.

National boundaries were not then in the picture. The only boundary that was recognized was that which sets off truth from error, knowledge from ignorance, and light from darkness. And just as these men from many lands were driven to make stern decisions concerning the employment of their talents, so will the overwhelming impact of atomic warfare

continue to drive men's thoughts out of conventional grooves and patterns. Men will ask themselves not only what the official viewpoint is concerning their duty and their loyalty in this age, but also they will say, "What do I see to be my larger responsibility?" The issue is so momentous that thoughtful individuals cannot deal with it lightly.

It required a great deal of courage and vision for the United States to launch upon a 2-billion-dollar gamble in the production of an atomic bomb. It will require an even greater amount of courage and vision to create a world situation in which the atom bomb is irrelevant. Great faith will have to be established to bring this about, national motives will have to be reexamined, risks will have to be taken, jibes endured, unfriendly schemes thwarted, and reverence and understanding spread throughout the world. Nations will have to yield certain elements of their sovereignty and bring themselves under discipline in order that they may attain their destiny. Toward these ends all the wisdom and devotion and all the skill in human affairs of the kind Rotary has long demonstrated will be needed.

The atom must be turned to peaceful uses. Business

and professional men—you and I as Rotarians—have a proper interest in seeing the knowledge of atomic energy applied to private and civilian benefit. We may rightly believe that only in so far as this is done can the possibilities of this new knowledge of energy be properly explored and made available to the welfare of all.

So heavy are the responsibilities of national security imposed upon governmental officials that we can hardly expect them to arrogate to government the fullest control of the substance and the knowledge of this most powerful of all weapons of warfare. Yet it is the duty of the citizen to attend to the growth of his country as it is the duty of those whom he has employed to operate his government to look

well to the affairs of government. Faith in private initiative as a means of developing and utilizing our human talents most effectively and of increasing the national welfare has ever been congenial to the principles of Rotary.

Unless the atom is made to serve mankind within the general social order, wherever it can be usefully applied, it must endanger mankind through the very efforts to make life secure.

Our philosophical-religious interest. Few men profess to be philosophers. They are too modest, for all men are philosophers. The child arrives in this world with a question mark across his mind, and curiosity is the beginning of wisdom. We are all naturally interested in knowing our kinship and

in understanding our world, and nothing has happened in many a year that has so stirred this philosophical and religious spirit of ours as has the knowledge of atomic energy.

But how are we to get a clearer insight into this part of the body of modern science? One way is through inquiry, for it has been said that if we know how to ask the right question, the answer will be given us as a part of the formulation of the question. In other words, it requires intelligence to be really curious.

George Washington Carver, who achieved scientific wonders with the humble peanut, used to tell this story about himself: He said he asked God, "God, tell me the mystery of the universe." And God answered, "The knowledge of that mystery is reserved for me alone." Then Dr. Carver asked, "God, tell me the mystery of the peanut." God said, "Now, that is more nearly your size, George, and I will reveal it to you." And so God did.

Albert Einstein recalls that when he was a lad of about 15 or 16, he began to ask himself questions about time, and what was meant by "things happening at the same time." These questions show the kind of curiosity he was capable of, and it was through such intellectual curiosity that Einstein, the clerk in a patent office, was able to produce findings that led to the most famous equation in history: $E=mc^2$. It means, in the symbolic language of physics, that the amount of energy which any mass contains is equal to the mass of that body multiplied by the square of the velocity of light. It is an equation which any high-school freshman can work out, but which no one can realistically understand.

In our attempts to understand it, to read about it, we should expect limitations and discouragement. Indeed, there is only one approach to this body of knowledge, and that is with the mouth open in awe and wonderment—an expression that has ever characterized a first approach to the sentiments of religion.

How extraordinary are the physical relationships expressed in the nuclear equation can, perhaps, be made [Continued on page 49]

The Crippled Children's Ward (A Christmas Day Visit)

*My heart was singing on Christmas Day
A song so happy, and blithe, and gay.
I opened presents, with children near,
Ate lots of turkey, and sipped the "cheer,"
Then walked downtown, and to show goodwill
Slipped every beggar a dollar bill.
I heard a blind fellow sing a song,
Gave him a coin, as I strode along.
The only teardrop I could afford
Fell in the Crippled-Children's Ward!*

*There, in a room leading off the hall
With bits of holly hung round the wall,
I saw the place where the children lie—
I won't forget it until I die.
Strapped tight they were, on their rigid racks,
Doomed to lie still, on their tiny backs.
As weeks dragged onward, this patient line
WAITED—for curing of bone, or spine.
Long days and nights found these weary tots
Suffering their hours on wee white cots!*

*I heard bright laughter!—How can it be?
I asked a nurse, who explained to me,
"That little girl in the farthest bed—
The one with blue eyes and curly head—
We call her 'Sunshine,' she smiles so much,
She keeps pretending she's got a crutch.
She's strapped down tight, but she laughs and sings
And flaps her arms, like a pair of 'wings'!"
Then, the child cried out, "OH IT'S SO MUCH FUN
PRETENDING I'M RUNNING, OUT IN THE SUN!"*

—J. FRED LAWTON
Rotarian, Berkeley, Mich.

Tom J. Davis— AN APPRECIATION

By CRAWFORD C. McCULLOUGH

President of Rotary International in 1921-22

"TOM DAVIS worked hard all his life helping other people."

So began the leading editorial in the Butte, Montana, morning newspaper October 23, 1953. Then followed a moving tribute to a greatly loved man who in a life of unselfish but telling leadership had achieved true greatness at home and afar.

Tom Davis was a dynamic personality of great creative ability and with the indestructible gift for making friends and keeping them.

Among all his varied interests to which he devoted heart and hand and strength, and they were many—Rotary, YMCA, Salvation Army, the Baptist church, the Chamber of Commerce, Boy Scouts, crippled children, Masonic bodies, the Montana bar, national politics—none appealed to him with such continuous challenge as did service to youth, to the boys and girls, to the young adults, and their development into God-fearing, sound-in-body-and-mind, useful citizens.

He was a man of many parts. As a student in law at the University of Michigan, and subsequently on his return home and entry into active law practice, he was a prominent athlete, excelling in baseball and basketball. So good was he at third base that he was offered, but refused, a professional contract with a major-league team.

As a lawyer his clients included the rich and the poor, the great and the humble. His natural ability to grasp the essentials in litigation and incisive skill of presentation won the respect of his colleagues. In 1946-47 he headed the Montana Bar Association.

Tom's loyalties were intense—to his city, his country, international amity. And, above all, to his friends.

For him, citizenship was a priceless treasure to be defended at all cost of time, money, and effort. Citizenship was trusteeship and he a custodian. To be a loyal and active member of the political party of his choice was privilege and duty alike. But loyalty to country held overriding precedence to loyalty to party. In 1945 at San Francisco he was a consultant to the U.S.A. delegation at the drafting of the Charter of the United Nations. As a public speaker he was in great demand.

In 1919-20 Tom was President of the Rotary Club of Butte and successively was District Governor, Third Vice-President of Rotary International, and Chairman or member of numerous Committees of Rotary International. He climaxed this ascending career with the Presidency in 1941-42. This was in



*Illustration by
James Neebe*

Tom Davis, of Butte, Mont., President of Rotary International in 1941-42, who died on October 22, 1953.

wartime. Here he brought to his difficult task the full force of his indomitable will to do well whatever he put his hand to. Rotary's fourth avenue of service was for him no hazy and unattainable ideal. In spite of the tragedy of ruthless war, it was a realistic challenge to action. At the close of his year as President he told the Toronto Convention in 1942: "There is no greater problem confronting mankind than learning how to live together. But as we are spending astronomical sums each day in learning to die together, cannot we spend a little time in searching for a means of living together?"

In succeeding years he served Rotary in many avenues. The demands upon his time continued unabated. The wonder grew how he made time to continue active participation in community activities at home. It excited the admiration and secured the affectionate devotion of the home-town folks, his friends and associates of a lifetime, and his own family. Tom leaves his wife, Hester; his son, Tom, Jr.; and his two daughters, Peggy and Shirley.

The evening newspaper of Tom's home city concluded its leading editorial October 23 with these words: "Of him it may be truthfully said, that always his efforts were devoted to the common good; and always were they productive. No man could have a finer epitaph."

A great Rotarian and friend to all humanity has passed to his reward and this must surely encompass some high post amongst the heavenly throng.

Yes!

Says R. R. Hamilton

Dean, College of Law, University of Montana

SCHOOL patrols have been in operation in the United States for 30 years or more. More than 3,000 communities have operated them. Much of the popularity of the patrol movement has probably stemmed from its promotion by the American Automobile Association.

School patrols are now an accepted part of the American scene, it would appear. But parents and school authorities should not be blinded by custom to shortcomings of the system that raise reasonable doubt, at least, as to the advisability of its continuance.

First, consider the legal aspect. Despite its widespread adoption by schools throughout the United States, the legal status of the school patrol and its legal implications have not always been clear. It seems almost incredible that, during the long history of patrols, no case involving them appears to have reached the appellate courts. Either no cases have

arisen or they have been settled in the lower courts or out of court. Thus any consideration of the legal aspect of the problem must be based upon general legal principles, and upon the opinions of State attorneys general. The latter, you will recall, have the effect of law unless and until the opinions are overruled by a subsequent judicial decision or by statute.

That boards of education have the legal authority to make reasonable rules and regulations for the control and management of the schools is clearly established. From this it follows that boards may adopt rules to promote the safety of the school pupils under its jurisdiction. This board power extends beyond the confines of the school grounds. However, this power is not without its limitations. These, then, are the questions: Does the establishment of school patrols fall within or without the express or implied powers of boards, and what are the legal implications in school-patrol operation?

Of course, if patrols are expressly authorized by the statutes of your State, there is no doubt as to their legality. Also, the opinions of attorneys general in a substantial number of States sustain the legality of patrols even in the absence of statute. They are sustained as a proper part of the educational process. The best statement I have found on this phase of the problem was written by the Attorney General of

Abolish School

No!

Says Richmond Barbour

Director of Guidance, City Schools, San Diego, Calif.

THE CONTROL of traffic near schools by the children themselves is still a novel idea in many communities. It is still new, still experimental. No doubt in many places there are "bugs" that need to be worked out, legal "bugs" and educational "bugs." When properly conducted, the junior or schoolboy safety patrol produces excellent results. It provides a maximum of safety, it saves money, it promotes good character development in children. My thesis is that the activity should be strengthened and expanded. It should not be dropped.

Have you ever stopped to watch a good junior patrol in action? Most people have never taken time to do that. It's worth doing. Will you come with me to watch a typical elementary-school patrol? The school is in a small city. It is one of two elementary schools there. About 400 children are enrolled. The school is located right on the town's main street, a few blocks from the business district. There is a

steady flow of wheeled traffic on the main street all day long. There is some traffic on the cross streets, but less. The rush hours for children walking to and from school are from 8:15 to 9, 12 to 1, and 2:45 to 3:30. Half the kids in the school must cross that busy main street four times daily. Obviously, their safety is a serious consideration.

Now let's watch.

Promptly at 8:15 the doors of the school swing open. A squad of 12 boys, fifth- and sixth-graders, march out. They are in formation, in step, and they get a kick out of marching. They are in uniform: distinctive white duck trousers, white shirts, bright red sweaters, bright red overseas caps, and white Sam Browne belts. They march to the four corners of the intersection, three boys to each corner. One of the three takes his position 20 yards or so down the street from the other two. He has a six-foot staff with a painted "Stop" and "Go" sign attached to one end. The second boy has a similar sign. The third boy on each corner has a six-foot staff painted red and white, but there is no sign on it. He uses it to show the boundary behind which the children must stand. A motorcycle "cop" drives by, checking the patrol. The boys salute him and he salutes back. They all grin, happily.

Soon the children appear, coming from all directions. They come by the dozens. Boys and girls, big

Wisconsin, on page 107 of Vol. XXVIII, *Opinions of the Attorney General of Wisconsin*, in 1939. In reply to an inquiry of the State Superintendent of Public Instruction of Wisconsin as to the legality of school patrols, the Attorney General said in part:

"Furthermore, it is our opinion that the organization of safety patrols is well within the scope of education and the educational process. There is no question but that the staggering annual human toll of death and injury caused by automobile accidents is one of the major national problems. There is probably no better place to attack this problem than in the schools. Safety lectures probably do not make the same impression upon an adult mind that they make upon an immature mind in its formulative stages, and for the same reason that visual seeing and experience is often more effective and readily comprehensible than lectures or studies, the patrol system offers opportunity for impressive instruction considerably in excess of anything that might be offered in the classroom. If some progress can be made with respect to the national safety program by training the immature mind in the school and by practical demonstration of the need for safety and care, who can legitimately argue that such training is not legitimately within the scope of the educational process? . . ."

With this statement few [Continued on page 50]

Patrols?

and little, energetic and slow. Running, talking, laughing, they come. They've been trained to cross the main street only at this one intersection. Therefore, there is none of the darting back and forth at the unguarded corners you'll find in some places. The captain of the patrol watches things carefully. He keeps track of the children, and of the cars. When a group of children has gathered and there is an appropriate lull in traffic, he blows his whistle. Down come the eight stop signs in careful synchronization. When all the cars have stopped, the children are permitted into the crosswalk. They move quickly, without horseplay or foolishness. When they are across, the whistle blows again, the "Go" signs go up, and cars start moving. The foot traffic reaches its peak just before 9 o'clock. It ends abruptly just as the school bell rings. Then we see the patrol boys go into their squad formation. They march smartly back into the school. Everything has moved like clockwork. No hesitation, no delay, no danger.

Impressive, isn't it? It is hard to remember that these are just children we have been watching, just typical American boys. The oldest is 13, the youngest is 9. They are on duty morning, noon, and afternoon for 20 weeks. Then another patrol will take over. The patrol provides excellent evidence regarding the ability of our children. Given training, freedom, and responsibility, there is [Continued on page 52]



Photo: Three Lions

Our Debate-of-the Month

AT THOUSANDS of busy intersections in town after town squads of serious, well-trained school-boys, each identified by a white Sam Browne belt, guard their schoolmates as they cross to and from school. That these lads do a good job, teach safety, save lives, and reap educational benefits is obvious in most places where the junior patrols operate. Not always clear in all places are certain basic matters of responsibility. In the interest of airing fairly a question of concern to many communities, we have invited a lawyer and a schoolman who hold opposing views to state them here . . . in our debate-of-the-month. Your letter of comment will be welcome.—THE EDITORS.



Men everywhere dance—and this Turk from Erzurum beats the drum for himself as his flying arms and feet rumble out the base rhythm.



In the Indonesian candle dance the dancer must perform his acrobatic motions without upsetting the candle or turning it from its upright position. Like many Eastern dances, this is one of great precision and subtle meaning.



As if they aren't busy enough during the formal competitions, this group of folk dancers stage their own impromptu. . . . (Right) A beauty of the Italian "team."



On with the DANCE!



FROM the far corners of the world, folk dancers of nearly all nations streamed to the foot of the Pyrenees Mountains on the Bay of Biscay some months ago to show their arts at the festival of folk dances and song and to forward international understanding by the universal language of dancing.

In their language there was none of the polished obscurity of diplomatic phraseology. There were only the basic emotions common to men everywhere—joy, love, fear—woven into a sort of Joseph's coat of many colors, individual in its pattern, unified in its design, expressing the feelings of humankind. You saw the impudence of the Irish jig with its strange undercurrent of melancholy, and the exuberance of the durable Scottish highland fling. There were the gay abandon of the Spanish fandango, the strange symbolism of the Indonesian candle dance. There was the plaintive Japanese zither overtuned against the wild thumping of the Turkish drum dance and the European sword dance. Here were the basic emotions of men.

You might have called the entire affair a peace dance in the manner of certain primitive tribes who sublimated their warlike emotions in dances which aroused joy in the hearts of the beholders. There were no drums of war at this fête—only the sweet music of Swedish violins, Swiss alpenhorns, and Italian accordions. And these were plain people dancing together.

Origins of their dances may have been shadowy. Their verbal languages may have been mutual gibberish. Their colorful native costumes may have been different in design and hue. None of this mattered. What did matter was that in the joy of dancing hearts and flying feet, people could discover how similar they are, not how different.

The skirt-swirling Spanish fandango (left). . . . An ancient dance (below) probably once done with cutting swords. England's Men's Morris dancers go through their paces while the fool in the background attempts to disrupt the moves, but gets killed.



On with the *DANCE!*

(Continued)



Roped-soled shoes beat quick time on a specially constructed floor as these Italians flash through native dances.



A bearded Belgian and his smiling lass disport themselves with the suppleness characteristic of all folk dancing. Note the movement similarity with the photo of the Italians at the left.



Violinists provide sweet music for the Swedish folk dancers. . . . A Scandinavian smile flashes (right) against the background of Sweden's flag.



The Swiss swing their flag like a baton to the music of alpenhorns, carried in the background. Fahnschwingen is a highly developed skill.

CONFESSION

—is 'good for the soul.'

BY PARKE CUMMINGS



"... all I did was wave to him and say, 'Hi, Mac.'"

Illustrations by Jim Hicks

THE other night as I lay in bed my mind unaccountably started dwelling on my past sins—particularly on my sins of omission. I thought of the household repairs I've neglected, the weeds I should have pulled but didn't, the letters I've failed to answer, the borrowed tools I should have returned. But what gave my conscience its biggest twinge were the messages I've failed to deliver. If that were a penitentiary offense, I guess I'd be sentenced to at least 200 years.

Like the messages I never delivered to my wife. About a month ago I ran into a friend of hers, Mrs. Thatcher. We chatted about the weather for a while, and then Mrs. Thatcher said, "Be sure to tell Virginia there's going to be a fur sale at Nickerson's all week."

I promised I would, and then the oddest thing happened. It slipped my mind completely. Didn't think of it again until the day after the fur sale was over. I felt pretty bad about it, but it was too late to do anything about it.

It works the other way around with my wife, too. I mean I've fallen down on messages she has given me to deliver to someone else. Like the time last year when she told me, "If you see that cop again, tell him I think his giving me that ticket was the meanest, nastiest trick I ever heard of."

It so happened that I did see him a couple of days later, but all I did was wave to him and say, "Hi, Mac." About three miles farther on I remembered what I should have told him, but being in a hurry I didn't bother to turn back.

I slipped up on that message my helpmate told me to give to Mrs. Higgins, too. She told me, "The next time you see Mrs. Higgins remind her you're available for committee work on that bazaar she's going to run. She's looking

for volunteers." But it was the same old story. When I saw her, she asked me how I was. I replied, "Fine, but I'm certainly up to my ears in work." Completely forgot to mention anything about the bazaar.

As a matter of fact, my failure to deliver my wife's messages goes back to the time we were engaged. I seem to recall an evening when she instructed me: "Go over and tell that big oaf over there that you'll give him a punch in the nose if he doesn't stop staring at me." I forget what distracted me here—maybe it was the floor show—but if I recall correctly (and I think I do), that message never got delivered.

When I think how I've let down my children by this curious failing of mine, I blush in shame. Several weeks ago, for instance, one of Junior's pals, Sandy Glover, 'phoned and asked for him.

"Junior's not home," I said.

"Well, tell him to be sure and 'phone me when he gets back," instructed Sandy. "I've decided to sell him my trombone after all."

JUNIOR got home shortly afterward, but somehow I never did give him the message. Seems to me I got sidetracked in an attempt to persuade him to take up stamp collecting as a hobby.

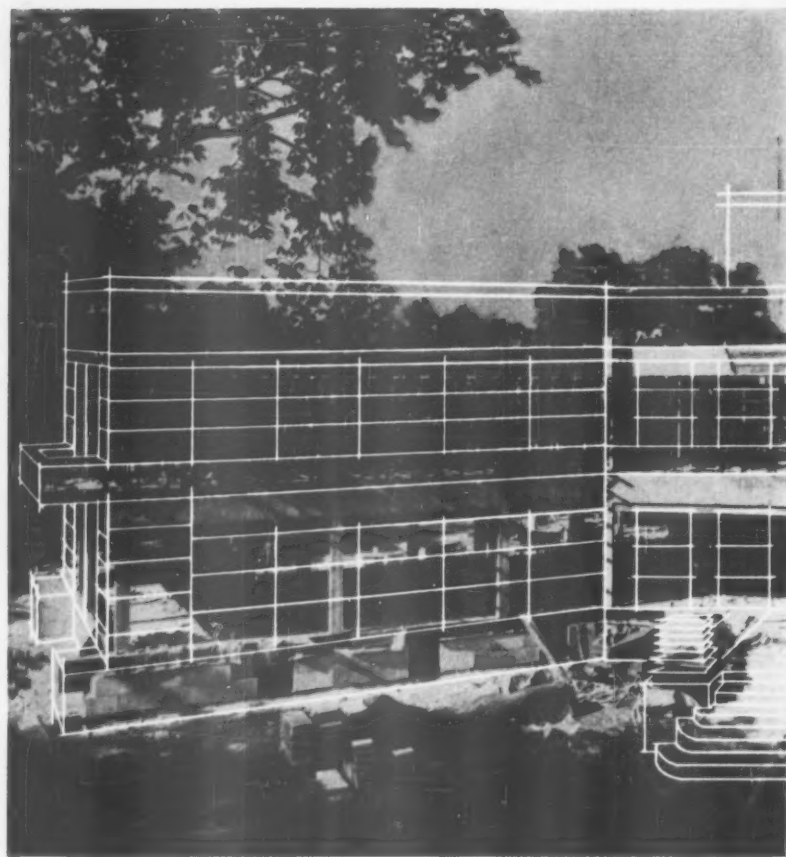
Slipped up with our daughter recently, too. I was due for a game of stag bridge at Bill Johnson's, and when Patsy heard about that, her eyes lit up. "Be sure and ask the Johnsons if they'll give us one of the kittens their cat had, will you?"

We had a peach of a game. On the first hand I made a small slam redoubled. Held seven spades to the ace-king-queen, was blank in diamonds, and the ace—well, I won't bore you with the details, but we had exciting cards like that all evening long, and it wasn't until I got home that I recalled, with a nasty shock, that I'd failed to deliver Patsy's message about the kitten.

That's the way it's been all my life, and it's certainly a miserable failing I have. When it comes to relaying messages, I guess I'm just about the most neglectful, careless, self-centered, thoughtless man who ever lived.

Rotary's New H.Q. 'UNDER ROOF'

*To be walled in this month
the three-floor workshop
rising in suburban Evanston
should be completed by
October, 1954, or before.*



BY New Year's Eve the new headquarters building of Rotary International, now rising in Evanston, Illinois, should be under roof and walled in. That is the goal of the general contractor, who terms it conservative.

With exterior walls going up and acquiring their facing of lannon stone and Bedford cut stone, gangs of ventilating men, plumbers, steamfitters, and electricians are putting their equipment in place. Following them will come plasterers and then cabinet workers, working in air warmed by portable blowers. All will shoot to finish well before the announced completion date of October, 1954.

Once completed, the two-story-with-English-basement edifice will provide 48,000 square feet of floor space for the Central Office of the Secretariat of Rotary International, which will be completely housed at this new address. Air conditioning, fluorescent lighting, acoustical ceiling treatment, and other systems of modern building design

and engineering will make the new building contemporaneous in every major detail.

The Central Office of the Secretariat of Rotary International is Rotary's workshop—the service station from which flows service to Clubs, Governors, Committees, and individual Rotarians in the 88 countries and geographical regions which have Rotary Clubs. It is also the meeting place of the Board of Directors, and of international Committees. Over it, under the direction of Convention and Board, presides the Secretary.

To give the 130 staff members of the Secretariat a firsthand view of the new building in which they will work, Secretary George R. Means one recent Autumn noon moved their place of work from 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, to the corner of Ridge Avenue and Davis Street in Evanston. For two hours the staff roamed the concrete floors, heard descriptions of where this Department and that Division will operate, met archi-

ects and contractor, and ate a box lunch.

On that afternoon the building had reached the level shown in the large photo above and a bit beyond it. As this issue goes to press, the roof slab has been poured. The white lines on the photo indicate, in much simplified detail, the completed structure.

Next step: The Cornerstone Committee meets in January to discuss what should go into the stone which, on a day yet to be announced, will be cemented into the niche reserved for it in the lower front corner of the left-hand wing.

Convention action in 1952 authorized the Board to construct the headquarters. Aiding the Board is a Headquarters Committee. Serving on it are Frank E. Spain, of Birmingham, Alabama, Chairman; H. J. Brunnier, of San Francisco, California; Howell G. Evans, of Two Rivers, Wisconsin; and Claude W. Woodward, of Richmond, Virginia.

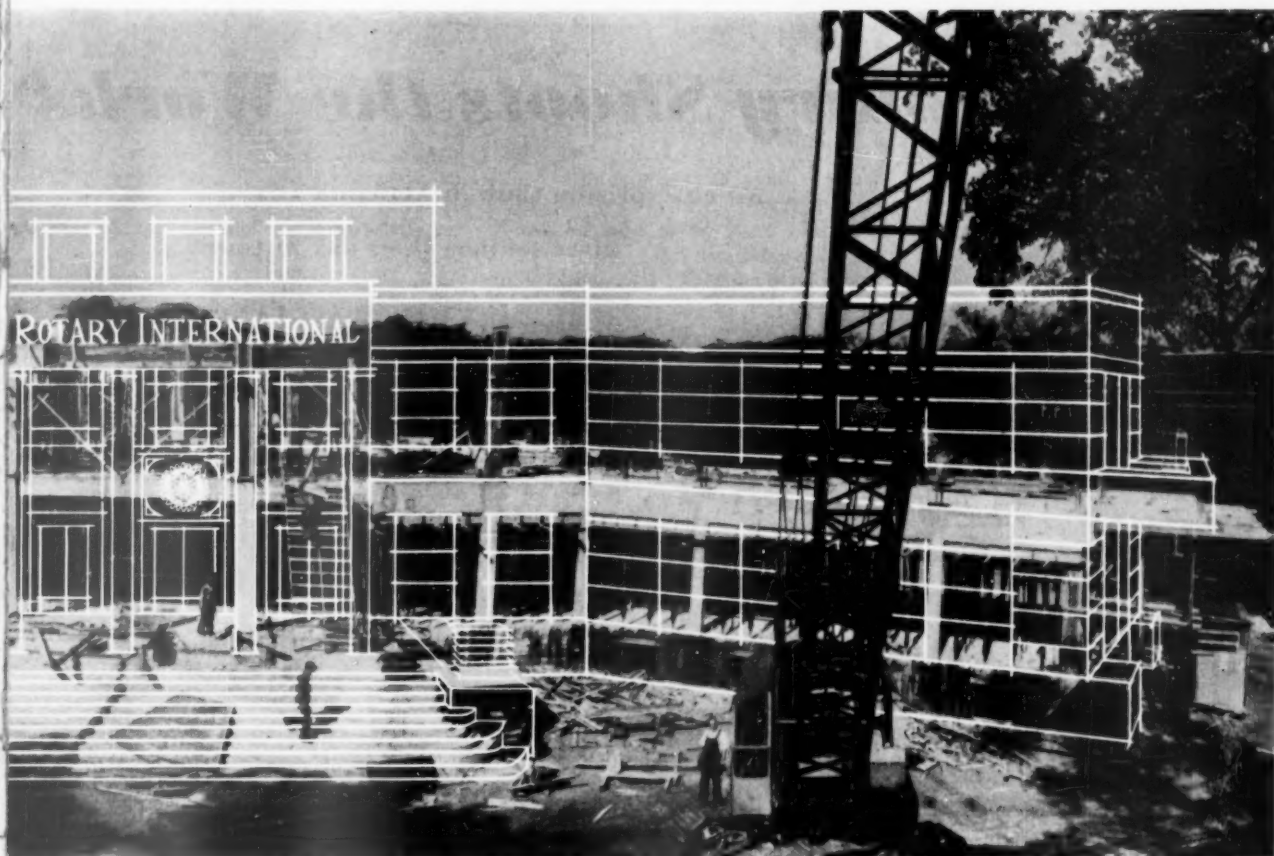


Photo: Sam Savitz

The new headquarters building had reached this stage of construction late in September. White lines roughly sketch completed structure.



Eating box lunches, staff personnel meets in the new building one recent Fall noon.

A from-the-south view of the building showing staff members warming themselves in the sun. It was a nippy Autumn day.



Gathered on the new concrete of the first floor, staff members hear details on placement of the various office units.

Rotary Shoots the Works

An enterprising Club in Alabama

gives soldiers their day in town.

By WILLIAM W. QUINN

Brigadier General, U. S. Army



"Get acquainted" day in Enterprise, Ala., starts with a big parade, as Rotarians spark a city-wide welcome to men at near-by Camp Rucker.

I AM CONVINCED that Rotarians can do anything, even on short notice. What leads me to believe this is what I witnessed about a year ago in Enterprise, Alabama.

Sitting around the big table in the rear of Sid's Cafe on Main Street, where the town's businessmen are wont to catch their morning cup of coffee, were two or three Rotarians. They were discussing the fact that very little had been done to welcome or recognize the great number of Army people who live in and around the town. They were talking about the thousands of men based at near-by Camp Rucker, a U. S. Army installation reopened at the start of the Korean action.

One of the Rotarians said he thought somebody ought to do something about it. Another suggested that it be brought up at the next Rotary meeting. And so it was.

Now, the thing that impressed

me was not so much the importance of the idea, but what happened to it. Let's go to the Rotary meeting at the Rawls Hotel and listen in.

When it comes time for the business part of the meeting, the President asks if there are any announcements. Lomax Searcy rises and says, "Mr. President, we've got a town half full of military people living in our midst. They rent here, they shop here, they live next to us, and many are our individual friends; but to my knowledge no one has ever welcomed them to Enterprise—collectively and officially, that is. I think we or the city or somebody ought to do something about it."

"Well, go ahead, Lomax—tell 'em 'Howdy!' You're a good greeter," pipes a voice in the rear of the dining room.

"No kidding, fellows—I'm seri-

ous about this," says Lomax. "I think as citizens we ought to hang our heads for not having done something about it long ago."

"I agree with Lomax," responds John Persse. "I know that half my business comes from this group. I for one am heartily in favor of the idea and will support any project that's decided on."

"I certainly concur with both Lomax and John," chimes in Revel Searcy, Lomax's brother. "We're so long overdue on this type of thing that I don't see the necessity of beating it around all afternoon, because each of us has a definite feeling about it right now. I would like to get a show of hands—"

"Wait a minute," intervenes Tony Harrell, the President. "This is still a Rotary meeting and not a street-corner poll. If you want a vote, make a motion."

"My apologies, Mr. President,"

A COMMUNITY SERVICE FEATURE

says Revel. "I put it in the form of a motion."

"Well, what's the motion?" insists President Tony.

"I move that we take steps, or take the lead as a Club, to welcome officially to Enterprise the officers and the enlisted men and their families of Camp Rucker, through the means of an appropriate function."

"O. K.," renders a voice, after the motion has carried, "what are we going to do?"

Lomax rises again. "Well," he says, "my idea is that we ought to have a 'Camp Rucker Day' and invite the troops and their families to come into town."

"Does that mean you're going to put out a banner that says 'Welcome' and let 'em walk around looking in store windows?" returns "the voice."

"Let me finish," asks Lomax. "I thought we might have a parade, a football game, maybe some entertainment, etc."

"How about a street dance?" suggests Rip Rawls. "Rope off West College Street in front of the Court House and have two kinds, square and round."

"That's a good idea, Rip," says Lomax.

"Why don't we feed 'em?" says Floyd Puckett.

"Feed 'em what?" inquires someone.

"Maybe barbecue," answers Floyd, who turns to Hub Bryson. "Hub, you're the barbecue expert in Coffee County. Could we put

on a barbecue for that many people?"

"How many people?" asks Hub.

"I don't know," answers Floyd.

"Lomax, how many people would we have to feed?"

"I don't know, Floyd. I was talking to a colonel the other day and he said there were close to 9,000 troops out there now."

"Nine thousand!" shouts everybody. "You can't do it."

"Hub," says Lomax, unperturbed, "how many people could you feed barbecue?"

"Look," replies Hub, "before we go any further I'd like to remind you we're talking big money. They're not giving pigs away any more. But to answer your question: there's naturally no limit if you have the facilities and the help, but the biggest barbecue I ever got mixed up in fed only 1,000 people."

"I broached the colonel on the subject yesterday," says Lomax. "It was his guess that not over 2,800 or 2,900 could get away or otherwise attend such an occasion. How about that, Hub?"

"Well, I guess it could be done. That'll take about 40 or 50 good-sized pigs, at least 200 hens for the hash, and then there's Brunswick stew. . . ."

"Why don't we invite them to our homes for dinner, especially the new kids?" interjects Grady Proctor. "That's true Southern hospitality and we'd get really to know them, if that's one of your objectives."

"Maybe we can do that too, Grady," replies Lomax, "but we can't feed all of them that way. We've got to serve barbecue or something like it. Hub, you didn't get a chance to finish."

"I was going to say, Lomax, that a good barbecue with all the trimmings will cost about \$1 a head. That will run into money, and what I want to know is where you are going to get \$3,000? I think we're going too fast."

"So do I," remarks Jimmy Du-



Miss Camp Rucker—Ramona McGilvary, of Enterprise—adds the feminine touch, and her Army escort obviously is pleased about the whole affair, and why shouldn't he be?



It's chow time for the 3,000 guests—and officers join with enlisted men and their families to get their share.



Homes in the community were opened to 600 young trainees from Camp Rucker. Here is one of them—all set for lunch.

Bois. "Entirely too fast. But what is more important than the money aspect is who is going to do all this work? I agree with the principle; I also agree that it should be a good show, and I'll help anyway I can, but before we start entertaining and feeding half the United States Army, we have got to decide how we are going to organize this thing and—"

"Excuse me, Jimmy," interrupts Fred Taylor, the brand-new Mayor, "you're absolutely right and I would like to further your comments by saying that at the rate this scheme is progressing, it's no longer a problem of the

Rotary Club—it's a community project. I, therefore, suggest that the Board of Directors meet immediately after this meeting for the purpose of appointing a general chairman of the project—and I can't think of anyone better suited than its sponsor, Lomax—"

"My friend!" groans Lomax.

"—as well as committee heads for the various subprojects. Further, I suggest we contact the Lions, the Veterans of Foreign Wars, and the American Legion and put the proposition to them in order to get the whole works in back of it. I believe I can promise the full support of the Mayor's office, the City Council,

and the fire and police departments. I'd like to see this thing go over."

"I'll buy that," sound off several voices.

"I hate to break up this debating society," intervenes President Tony, "but we've got to get on with the program, and give the speaker a chance to do a little talking himself. I have noted, however, that he has been enjoying the show and is probably marvelling at how we ever get anything done. Will the Board of Directors please remain after the meeting? You, too, Lomax. I'll now turn the meeting over to the Program Chairman."

And there you have it. Within three weeks, with joint committees for each activity headed by a Rotarian, over \$5,000 was raised—and the Army invited to town.

More than 600 young trainees, many away from home for their first time, were guests for luncheon in the homes of the generous citizens of Enterprise. There was a big parade at 1 o'clock through the flag-decorated town, followed by a championship football game between two top-flight Army teams at the stadium. Following this thriller, which was won 14 to 13 in the last minute of play, nearly 3,000 soldiers and their wives and children filed by the open barbecue pits and had their plates loaded with Hub's menu. Street dancing began at 6 o'clock on the gayly lighted and decorated square in front of the Court House. As Rip had suggested (and, like Lomax, got stuck with a chairmanship), there was round and square dancing.

That night after the festivities were over I heard the general who commanded the camp tell Lomax that the whole affair was a tremendous success and greatly appreciated by the troops. He went on to say that the manner and speed with which the project was executed were a tribute to the Rotary Club and to the community.

Lomax's answer was a hum-dinger. He said, "General, thanks for the compliment, but you must realize that if you ever give a Rotarian an inch of an idea, he'll give you back a mile of action."

And it's the truth, so help me.

Minute Editorial

Miracles in a **MINUTE**

By **DAVID JACOBSON**

Rotarian, San Antonio, Tex.

"JUST a minute . . ." we say every day. We should never be little the minute and that which it contains. The whole course of one's life may be changed by decisions or situations within the space of 60 seconds.

The minutes pass in a steady stream across our lives. Or, perhaps more truly, we pass through the minutes of time, each one joined to the next as a part of an endless thread.

Yet, it is possible consciously to select a minute out of each day composed of 1,440 such artificial divisions of time, and so to fill this minute with content that can illumine the whole day, and be a part of those imperishable moments that give color and meaning and beauty to our existence.

May I suggest that we take a minute a day to consider the wonder of life. At this season of the year most of us have returned from or are contemplating taking our vacation. Usually we choose a picturesque part of the country to visit, and with our leisure we lift up our eyes to the mountains, or look toward distant horizons, or we watch the illimitable ocean. The mystery and marvel of God's handiwork stir us. Yet the wonder of life need not be sought for in distant places or during special seasons of the year. Our existence is surrounded by incredible thought and beauty and we have only to use a minute of contemplation and observation to appreciate this glory that sur-

rounds us. Even the air we breathe, invisible and imperceptible, is a miracle. Every blade of grass, every beat of our heart, is a testament, is a revelation. Every word we speak is a part of this fantastically marvellous world.

We can use another minute during the day to take our bearings, as a navigator checks on his course. James Michener in his book *Return to Paradise* tells about the jungle areas of the South Pacific islands. Travellers who wander into the thickets quickly become confused and lost. Many die of starvation although their trail shows them always to have been within three miles of 100,000 people. A minute for prayer, meditation, or confession can help us set our compasses afresh each day, so that we do not get lost, so that we know whence we have come and whither we are going.

One minute a day is more than enough for a good deed or two. Take time to ask: What can I do to relieve somebody's need, whatever that need might be? Each of us can help to give a sense of security or a bit of happiness to another person. Sometimes a minute can have a much more decisive effect in changing a person's life, both the giver's and the recipient's. Just a minute a day could add up almost to saintliness.

You can exceed these random thoughts in quality and depth—if you will take just a minute.

Ways West

The old trails, crowded with the ghosts of strong men, all lead to Seattle.

MOUNTAINS. The word begins to vibrate in the atmosphere almost as you cross the Mississippi River heading west. You have 1,000 miles in front of you before the mountains, but still they are present, like a barrier reef, sensed but unseen. They are behind the rolling corn and wheat fields whence comes much of the world's food—beyond the horizon, blocking the way to the Pacific; mountains that broke the waves of exploration until lonely men found their passes, mountains which cradled primitive Indians who made their peace with the rocks.

You don't think of that, of course, as you hunt for the Santa Fe Trail, or sit back in your train seat and let the smooth tracks carry you over the old Oregon Trail. Nonetheless, the mountains are omnipresent in the running water which once was and will be upflung snow, in the gradual upslope of the land, fertile in its cultivation but still new to man. You ride through a sea of yellow-green grain, rippling like the ocean as winds unchecked for a thousand miles toss the stalks.

There are men still alive whose plows were the first since time began to break the sod of these prairies; if you fly, you can see the wagon ruts from the last century, worn deep even as the stones at Pompeii were cut by thousands of frictions. Man has tracked this land, fought in its unhiding spaces, cleared the buffalo and Indian mercilessly. But still the wildness lives, waiting for man to go.

Slowly the land changes as you move west, across the plains, higher now. The wildness comes from hiding here and there and you see its fang in the bleached white bone, almost exactly the color of the Spanish Mission stations. You may see a broken wheel, white again under the sun, the price men from Spain and France and England and the world

over paid to yoke this land. The green-yellow has faded to white and sage and the dust rolls high.

So on the Santa Fe, the Overland, the Oregon. The place names and the bone reliquaries speak: Spanish—Santa Fe, Albuquerque, El Paso, Colorado, and the Seven Cities of Cibola; French—Pierre; Indian—Dakota, Cheyenne, Sioux; German—Bismarck.

The land has sloped upward a mile at Denver, where the mountains explode from the prairie. There are no gentle foothills as with the thrice-planned Appalachians 2,000 miles eastward; these Rockies are raw in geologic time, frozen in the tortured thrust of birth. Twelve thousand feet, 15,000 jutting blue, 300 miles wide of mountains.

Following the passes, you can see the remains of the Mountain Meadow Massacre, where 120 persons died in the apotheosis of all the tensions that marked the conquest of a continent; but their deaths are insignificant if read against the Grand Canyon where the entire book of time is paged open. Go northward in the mountain valleys to join the Oregon Trail in the magnificent Columbia River Gorge and realize that the atomic-energy plant at Hanford, Washington, raises the temperature of this vast flow of water by two degrees.

Or drop to the coast to pick up the mission routes where monks and conquistadors up from Mexico sought the souls and treasures of the New World. North is your word now, north through the redwoods and firs and to Seattle, which, embosomed by the mountains and sea, is your goal. There all the men of Rotary and all their traditions will commingle June 6-10 for the Annual Convention of Rotary International even as they have blended to make this vast continent of your travels. —LOYD BRADY





Grub! A day on Western trails gives any rider a hearty appetite. These Eastern dude ranchers stop to satisfy it.



The Pacific stabs the Oregon coast here at Depoe with havens for trollers as main-line traffic roars above on the graceful bridge.

The winds blow free in these hills of Wyoming where the Rockies jut from the grasslands and civilization seems far away. It's a big country!



(Photos: (pp. 29-31) Northern Pacific Ry.; Washington State Advertising Commission; Oregon State Highway Commission; Washington Bureau of Reclamation)



Mount St. Helens (9,671 feet), in Gifford Pinchot National Forest, Washington, is considered an easy climb for novice mountaineers. Care to try?

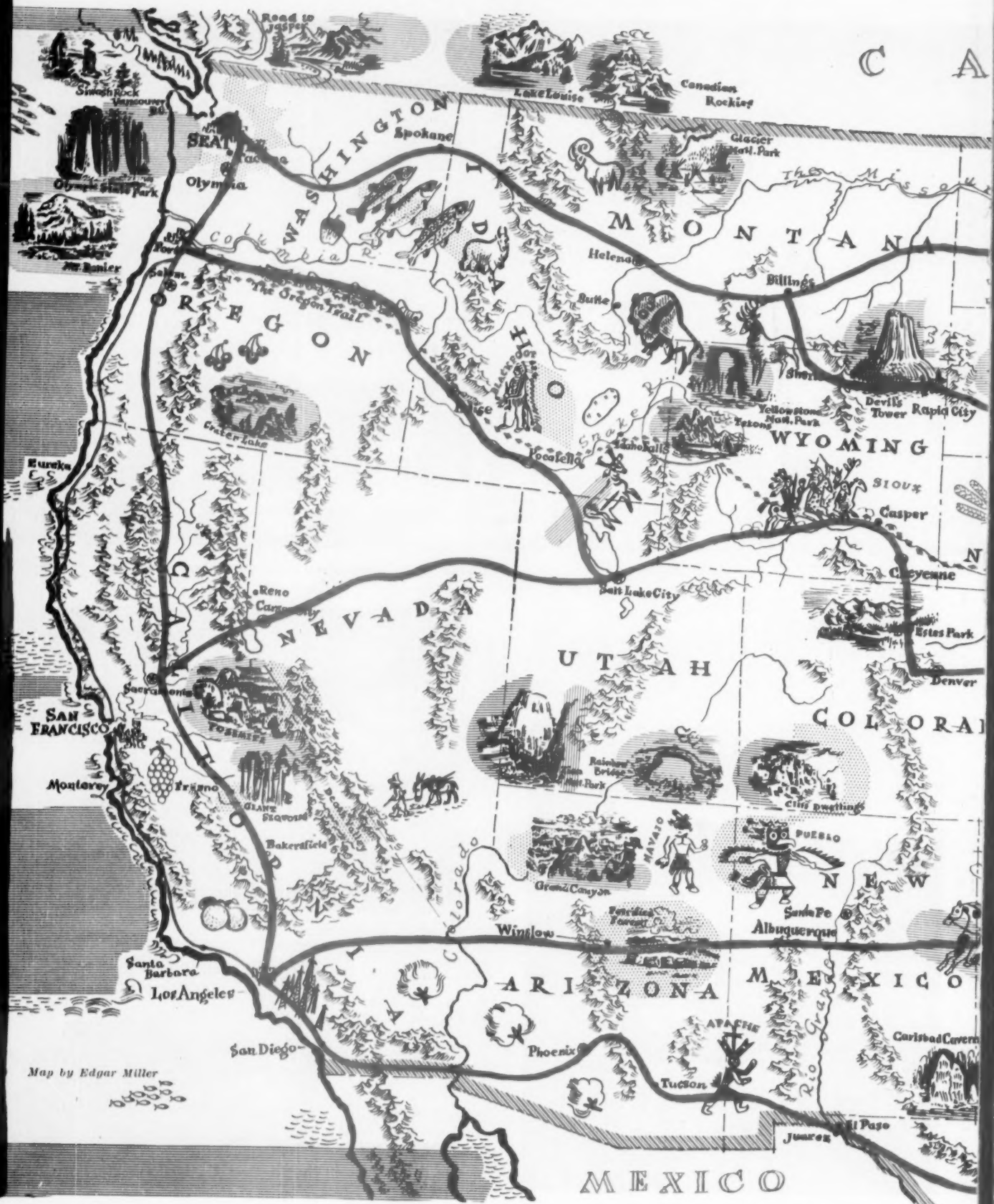
The Evergreen Highway cuts along the magnificent Columbia River in Washington to offer stunningly sudden vistas to drivers.



The Grand Coulee Dam harnesses the power of America's second-largest river, the Columbia. The dam is said to be man's hugest work.



Hemmed in by the mountains and Puget Sound, State lawmakers in the capital, Olympia, have an inspiring view wherever they may look.



N A D A

Ways West



THE ROADS west to Seattle, Washington, for Rotary's 1954 Convention next June are many and varied—and interconnected so that if you start one way and decide to see something else on another route, you can do it without strain.

Much depends, of course, on how you're travelling—rail, plane, or auto—as well as on how much time you want to spend getting there and on what you've seen before. Scenic beauty is about equally divided among the routes.

If you've plenty of time and want to see the most, take Route 66, which very approximately travels the country of the old Santa Fe Trail. The old route originally ended at Albuquerque, New Mexico, from its starting point at Independence, Missouri, but now it runs on to the Coast at Los Angeles, California. There you'll pick up Route 101 north into Seattle. The total trip, with one or two possible side excursions, such as to the Grand Canyon, would mean a long drive, and, of course, can be paralleled by rail and plane. Or you might take Route 67 along the Mexican border to the Coast and then north.

Alternatively, you might take the middle way, Route 24, from Kansas City to Denver and Salt Lake City and thence northward on Route 30 in the mountains to the Oregon Trail, and through the Columbia River Gorge. If you like mountain scenery, this is the route for you since from Denver to the Gorge you are in the heart of the Rockies.

The most direct route from the Mississippi is 30, starting at Kansas City, which very roughly corresponds to the old Oregon Trail in spots. This takes you close enough to Yellowstone National Park for a comfortable side trip before going to the Columbia River Gorge, Portland, and Seattle.

And don't overlook the possibilities of travelling the northern routes of 16 and 10, or of going across Canada, either. You can parallel the U. S. border in much the same kind of country while looping up to stop at Lake Louise before going to the British Columbian coast and south to Seattle.

Whichever route and whichever mode of travel you decide upon, you'll always be glad and sorry—glad you saw what you did of the magnificent North American scenery, sorry you didn't see more of it on the other way. And you'll know you've ridden with history.

PEEPS

at Things to Come

BY HILTON IRA JONES, PH.D.

■ **Silicone Textile Treatment.** In this department last April, mention was made of an aerosol spray treatment for textiles for producing "built-in umbrellas." Now on the market is a new silicone water repellent for fabrics which has a great advantage in that the materials so treated can be dry cleaned repeatedly without harming the water-repellent finish.

■ **Pick-Up Tweezer.** Now available is a practical, versatile, all-stainless-steel instrument designed to make the handling of small objects an easier and less time-consuming operation. It is said to be indispensable for picking up, positioning, or holding hot, sterile, highly polished, or oddly shaped objects and for getting them into hard-to-reach places. Pressing a plunger causes three strong, hooked spring-steel fingers to extend from the tip and flare out. Releasing the plunger causes them to withdraw. Any object within their grasp is then firmly held without continued finger pressure.

■ **Rust Control.** A new oil, developed by a Rotarian, prevents rust and corrosion even when the rust has already begun. It is particularly recommended for garden tools, metal furniture, and chrome trim on automobiles.

■ **Safety Hat.** A safety hat which is new in design, material, and construction is said to be as tough as metal, but lighter and more resilient. It is cool, comfortable, and moisture resistant, and, even better, it will protect the user's head from falling objects.

■ **Fibers and Fractions.** A large American timber company is now putting out an entirely new line of whole-wood industrial fibers and bark fractions. The former are used for fillers of all types: for insulation, pulp molding, battery separators, and oil-well drilling; the latter are used for insecticides, flooring, rubber products, foundry sand, fertilizers, phenolic extenders, and thermoplastics.

■ **Plastic Cement.** A cement which can be used for furniture and plastic construction is waterproof, self-curing, and resistant to heat, salt and fresh water, fungus, acids, solvents, and lubricating oils. It will bond nylon to nylon without heat or pressure.

■ **Hot Dip Coating.** Dip the things you want to protect into a new hot dip coating solution either once or many times to build up as thick a coat as desired, and it will withstand 1,000 hours of 100 percent relative humidity without rusting. Reusable, it can be stripped off metal coated parts as easily as a banana

is peeled. The coating, unaffected by temperature changes, not only protects against rust and weather, but also protects delicate cutting tools.

■ **Water Repellent.** Now available to formulators is a silicone water repellent which has a wide range of uses—from waterproofing paper plates and concrete walls to reducing rain seepage into soils. It is applied by brush or by mixing the ingredients with the articles being made. It is a water-soluble sodium salt of certain silicones. It even can be applied to dirt roads to reduce maintenance.

■ **New-Type Light Bulb.** A new type of electric-light bulb has just come on the market which is unusual in that the inside of the bulb is coated with white silica to diffuse the light. It requires no diffusing deflector bowl.

■ **Metered Air Pressure.** A gun which is provided with a throttle valve meters the air exactly. If more pressure is desired, a button is pressed. Simple in design, the gun is easy to use, and for a wide range of cleaning jobs in shops, foundries, and the like it appears to be a very useful item.

■ **Inflammable Fabrics.** U. S. Department of Agriculture chemists have come up

with a new process for rendering fabrics inflammable by a simple process of treating them with a solution of hydroxy methyl phosphonium chloride. To treat inflammable fabrics by this process is simplicity itself since they are just dipped into the solution, wrung out, and dried. Treated cotton, for example, will not burn and will have no afterglow.

■ **Dehumidifier.** A compact unit dries the air in a 10,000-cubic-foot room down to 15 percent relative humidity with a drying agent that renews itself automatically and never needs replacement. There are no buckets to empty, and no maintenance problems. Fully automatic humidistat control is available.

■ **Self-Dimming Headlights.** No longer is it necessary for a motorist to watch the beam of his car's headlights and turn them up or down with the conditions of traffic, for his car can be equipped with an autronic eye which automatically controls the lights. Headlights dim when a car approaches; they return to normal when the car passes.

■ **Improved Silicone Rubbers.** Anyone familiar with the silicone rubbers available in the past will be interested in the new types that are three times as good as earlier varieties and cost much less. The amazing heat- and cold-resistant properties of silicone rubber make it ideal for applications where no other rubber known can operate.

Letters to Dr. Jones may be addressed in care of THE ROTARIAN Magazine, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago 1, Illinois.

An Honor for Dr. 'Hi'

ON A mild Friday evening in October 200 men and women of the U. S. Midwest met on the 17th floor of a Chicago skyscraper to honor a fellow chemist and educator: Dr. Hilton Ira Jones, conductor of *Peeps at Things to Come* since 1943. The award they presented to him was the honor scroll of the American Institute of Chemists, given annually by the Chicago Chapter of the Institute for distinguished service to the profession of chemistry.

On hand to toast him from the speaker's table were two of his former students: Roy C. Newton, now vice-president in charge of research at Swift & Company, and famed cartoonist Chester Gould, who draws the Dick Tracy strip and who noted that "It was under Hi Jones that I flunked my first litmus test." Lincoln T. Work, president of the American Institute of Chemists (shown at right in photo), made the presentation of the plaque.

A Minnesotan by birth, Dr. Jones studied at four colleges and universities, winning his Ph.D. in chemistry at the University of South Dakota. Teaching, lecturing on the



Chemical and Engineering News

Chautauqua platform, and chemical research filled following years. Since 1934 he has been managing director of Hixone Research Laboratories in Wilmette, Illinois, where he is an active Rotarian. Widely known as a speaker, he is a leader in the Chicago Chapter of the American Institute of Chemists, an organization devoted to promoting the professional and economic status of chemists.

Speaking of BOOKS

*Suggestions from well-stocked counters
for those who would play Santa.*

By JOHN T. FREDERICK

AMONG the hundreds of brightly jacketed new books which the stores offer the Christmas shopper, there are five that seem to me good selections not merely for one person but for the whole family of readers. They're widely varied books, alike only in that they are also widely appealing.

The Best Humor from PUNCH, edited by William Cole, is perhaps a good one to start off with. It would be superfluous to praise the quality of the humorous writing in the great British magazine, but it is appropriate to praise the work of the editor of this collection. He has represented the full range of Punchian humor; he has kept in mind the pleasure of readers with widely differing interests and tastes; he has made practically no mistakes. Altogether this is a collection offering so much enjoyment that one only wonders why it wasn't done before. The pieces included, incidentally, are all from very recent volumes.

Man, Time and Fossils, by Ruth Moore, is an account of the process whereby, in the last century and a little more, man has learned about the history of life on the earth and his own place in that history. More specifically, it is the story of the rapid development of the scientific study of evolution, in the dramatic terms of the lives and characters of the men who have contributed most to that study: Darwin, Cope, Mendel, and the rest. Miss Moore has done a thoroughly first-rate job. She has written so clearly that no special training is necessary to grasp her points: the scientifically minded high-school youngster will read this book with delight.

Homer Croy is the right man to give us a new and better biography of *Our Will Rogers*. Not only did he know Rogers well and work with him closely during much of his motion-picture career (Croy's *They Had to See Paris* was Rogers' first successful picture); perhaps more important, he is Will Rogers' kind of person. He understands the man, and he understands the millions who loved the man. On top of all that,



Loon's lunch, a Henry B. Kane sketch from Sally Carrighar's new Icebound Summer, an impelling drama of natural forces at work in the Arctic region.

he has done a genuinely thorough and constructive piece of research. A great many readers are going to be grateful for this book.

There are some minor parallels between early events in Croy's biography and those in *Lost Pony Tracks*, a book of reminiscences by Ross Santee. Both the writings and the pictures of Ross Santee are high favorites of mine. I always find in him the total sincerity that I value above all else in all the arts. I find in him, too, great sensitiveness and keen sympathy, good humor and good sense, and a sure power. These informal accounts of his own experience, narratives and anecdotes of ranch life and work and of people he has known in that life, give perhaps fuller opportunity for the expression of his special qualities than anything he has done before. This is a book I'll keep, and look forward to reading again.

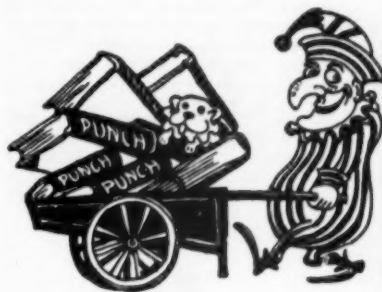
The fifth of my five "varied books of wide appeal" is one that will certainly be very keenly enjoyed by young readers (of high-school age) who love the out-of-doors; but it is also and perhaps primarily a book for mature readers: *Icebound Summer*, by Sally Carrighar. I have praised Miss Carrighar's books in this department before—and when I have got back to them for rereading, I

have been glad I did. This volume of stories of Alaskan birds and animals is in some ways better than its predecessors. There is the same wonderfully persuasive reconstruction of the experience of wild creatures, against the dramatic and determining background of a region and a place.

Until Victory, Louise Hall Tharp's new biography of Horace Mann, fulfills the high expectations aroused by her deservedly popular earlier book, *The Peabody Sisters of Salem*. In many an American town and city there is a Horace Mann school. This book tells why, in terms of the swift and dramatic reform in popular education that took place in the United States a century ago. It was led by the fighting Massachusetts lawyer Horace Mann, and Mary Peabody was his able lieutenant in the campaign long before she became his wife. Mrs. Tharp's account of their lives is intimate but not exploitative, adequate in factual detail without becoming tiresome, marked by genuine grasp of issues and events.

That a man named Bradford Smith should write a biography first of William Bradford and then one of John Smith may be more than a coincidence. In any case, *Captain John Smith*, by Bradford Smith, is another new biography that carries on the good promise of its predecessor. Bradford Smith is engaged, to some extent, in "debunking the debunkers" of his subject. John Smith of Virginia, Massachusetts, and practically everywhere, John Smith of Jamestown and the Pocahontas story, has been a favorite target of those who have enjoyed laying violent hands on popular heroes. The present book makes an excellent case for the historical authenticity of many of the Smith stories that have been questioned and even derided, including that of his rescue by Pocahontas.

History and biography meet in the competently written and generously illustrated pages of *Ceiling Unlimited*, by Lloyd Morris and Kendall Smith. This is the all but incredible story of the history of aviation in the past 60 years,



In his The Best Humor from PUNCH, William Cole appeals to "readers with widely differing interests and tastes." The book's illustrations are by Sprad.

told with authority, with broad perspective, with wit and gusto.

For the confirmed reader of historical fiction, Samuel Shellabarger's *Lord Van-ity* will be a sound choice. This seems to me the best novel Shellabarger has written. Not only does it present an elaborately detailed tapestry of custom and conduct, and the accepted pattern of love interest and violent action; it achieves also what might be called a philosophy of history in its presentation of the sick and decaying society of 18th Century Europe.

The historical background of Seattle and the Northwest is admirably utilized in *Gold Mountain*, by Charlotte Paul, a pleasantly engrossing story of a young schoolteacher in a frontier Washington community in the last years of the 19th Century. One of the first of *The Kentuckians* tells his own story in the historical novel of that name, by Janice Holt Giles; he is David Cooper, and Daniel Boone, George Rogers Clark, and other men of history are among his friends who figure in the story. The difficult first-person method of narration is used with mastery in this truly fine and memorable novel; I recommend the book warmly.

Two new British books on sports offer fresh and useful reading matter for the enthusiast. *Golf As I Play It*, by Ronnie White, is a step-by-step analysis and explanation, supported by a great number of truly remarkable photographs. *Still-Water Angling*, by Richard Walker, not only offers information about the habits and character of lake and pond fish—from carp to trout—which will be applicable all over the world, but is writ-

ten so pleasantly that any confirmed angler will find it good reading.

For well over half a century Jim Corbett, author of the widely read *Man-Eaters of Kumaon*, has known and loved the jungle and has been a close and sympathetic student of its creatures. *Jungle Lore*, his new book, is autobiographical; it recaptures his earliest impressions of the jungle, and recounts youthful adventures as a hunter. I recommend this book most heartily for all who like true stories of hunting, wherever they live. It is marked by a most engaging unpretentiousness, by quiet humor and a sound sense of values.

An especially happy choice for any man (or boy) who is especially interested in guns of any kind is the 1954 (eighth) edition of *The Gun Digest*, edited by John T. Amber. Here is a "collectors' section," one each on rifles, shotguns, and hand guns, and other special fields: all most generously illustrated, and offering fact, theory, and personal experience in most engaging variety.

Most youngsters from the age of 8 or so until they get into high school or later are possessed of an insatiable appetite for miscellaneous information of all kinds but especially about the world of Nature. *The Real Book of Amazing Scientific Facts*, by Jane Sherman, is an ideal book for such children. It contains hundreds of tasty scraps of information about birds and beasts, earth, air, and sky, loosely but sensibly arranged, and well illustrated with line drawings. Also good for the inquiring child is *Lightning and Thunder*, by Herbert S. Zim, an informing and interesting book calculated

to take the terror of the unknown away from storms. American history in a new form is offered attractively in *Ships That Made U. S. History*, by Helen Mitchell and W. M. Wilson, a collection of brief narratives of famous ships.

Of several good books for teen-age readers, I have especially enjoyed *Howl at the Moon*, by Robert J. Hogan. This story of a frontier boy, his father and mother, and his dog is written with very real power—not only in the dramatic action but in the presentation of character. It is a book of positive merit; I recommend it highly. Another fine story for young readers is *Star Inn*, by Sue Mildred Johnston: an exciting but authentic tale of the religious persecutions in England and Wales in the 16th Century, which I believe high-school girls as well as boys will enjoy as I did. A clean, vigorous, and well-written story of special appeal to sports-minded high-schoolers is *Jack Davis, Forward*, by Leon Burgoyne. This good book shows that the author knows his basketball, and also knows people and how to make them interesting to his readers.

Finally, a special suggestion or two for the lady of the house. The most desirable cookbook I have seen in many a moon is Caroline P. Piercy's *Shaker Cook Book*. It's in effect almost a history of those strange and deeply interesting people, the Shakers, for it carries in every chapter much of the lore of their communal life and beliefs; but it is primarily a treasury of Shaker recipes, many of them from private sources and entirely new, almost all of them promising. *Plants in Pots*, by William H. Clark, carries an extremely good general section on house plants, with simple and sound discussion of such fundamentals as choice of pots, light, heat, watering. This is followed by detailed information on special care for nearly all usually grown kinds.

* * *

Books reviewed, publishers, and prices:
The Best Humor from PUNCH, edited by William Cole (World, \$3.50).—*Man, Time and Fossils*, Ruth Moore (Knopf, \$5.75).—*Our Will Rogers*, Homer Croy (Duell, Sloan & Pearce—Little, Brown, \$3.75).—*Lost Pony Tracks*, Ross Santee (Scribners, \$3.95).—*Icebound Summer*, Sally Carrighar (Knopf, \$3.95).—*Until Victory*, Louise Hall Tharp (Little, Brown, \$5).—*Captain John Smith*, Bradford Smith (Lippincott, \$5).—*Selling Unlimited*, Lloyd Morris and Kendall Smith (Macmillan, \$6.50).—*Lord Vanity*, Samuel Shellabarger (Little, Brown, \$3.95).—*Gold Mountain*, Charlotte Paul (Random, \$3).—*The Kentuckians*, Janice Holt Giles (Houghton Mifflin, \$3).—*Golf As I Play It*, Ronnie White (British Book Centre, \$3.50).—*Still-Water Angling*, Richard Walker (British Book Centre, \$4).—*Jungle Lore*, Jim Corbett (Oxford, \$2.50).—*The Gun Digest*, 1954, edited by John T. Amber (Wilcox & Follett, \$2).—*The Real Book of Amazing Scientific Facts*, Jane Sherman (Garden City, \$1.25).—*Lightning and Thunder*, Herbert S. Zim (Morrow, \$2).—*Ships That Made U. S. History*, Helen Mitchell and W. M. Wilson (Whittlesey, \$2.50).—*Howl at the Moon*, Robert J. Hogan (Houghton Mifflin, \$2.50).—*Star Inn*, Sue Mildred Johnston (Ave Maria Press, \$2.75).—*Jack Davis, Forward*, Leon Burgoyne (Winston, \$2.50).—*The Shaker Cook Book*, Caroline P. Piercy (Crown, \$3).—*Plants in Pots*, William H. Clark (Little, Brown, \$2.95).

Human Nature Put to Work

Day after day as the tourists poured into town, the neat little old lady watched them pass by her small building set back from the sidewalk among beds of flowers. On they went to fill up the larger, more attractively advertised tourist homes. So—one day she removed the "Vacancy" sign from her little front window and set out on her lawn a larger homemade sign with a sort of Grandma Moses painting on it. The picture showed a front door, invitingly open—with a large

welcome mat before it. Prominently lettered below this was *One Vacancy*. Immediately, hurrying feet slowed up and soon all ten rooms were filled with quiet, home-loving people.

—Beatrice Browne, Avalon, Calif.



The Nebraska barber who has begun telling customers what their hair "means" says, "It's all in fun," and that it all started as a joke. But he cheerfully admits it's also good merchandising. Just by making a few predictions, which he pretends to base on hair color and thickness, he has boomed his business into new quarters.

—B. Ford Parker, Carmel, Calif.

Let's have your story. If it's used in this department, a \$10 check will be sent you (\$5 if it's from another publication).—Eds.





Photo: © Dundee Courier and Advertiser

In the City Square of Dundee, Scotland, the Rotary Club's tall tree illumines the night and brings a Christmas glow to a busy corner. Around the tree for ten days the Dundee Club sponsored a yuletide program of carol singing, prayer, and band music.



The Time of Miracles

Look back of the saintly wonders of

this season and you espy some modest men.



Photo: Betty Lowe



At its fourth annual Christmas party for Negro boys of Springfield, Mo., the Rotary Club provided gifts and heaping plates of food. Here Rotarians Norris Fellows (left) and Hugh Murtaugh hand gifts to several of the happy youngsters.

THE season for holly wreaths in windows, bells on doors, and the singing of *Silent Night* is a time when miracles seem to happen. It is then that a white-bearded old fellow defies gravity by flying above roof tops with a sleigh and eight reindeer, and goes down chimney after chimney with his heavy load. But other unusual happenings also occur—as Rotarians of Severna Park, Md., will tell you. It was there, just a year ago, that a touch of yuletide fantasy made the season even brighter.

The Club had decided to sell Christmas trees to raise funds for the needy, and evergreens were ordered from New Brunswick, Canada. As Club members untied the firs, an odd thing happened: a note fell from one of the trees. On it, in a pencilled scrawl, were these words:

"Dear Santa Claus. We are three poor children writing to you for something for Christmas. Shirley wants a table and chairs. Gary wants a snow suit size 4 years old. I want an air rifle."

At the bottom of the note were the names of three youngsters and their home address in Springfield, New Brunswick. Severna Park Rotarians decided to give St. Nick a hand. A 'phone call to the Rotary Club of St. John, New Brunswick, established the note as authentic. The children lived at the address given, and they were truly in need. The Maryland Club then arranged for the table and chairs, snow suit, and rifle to be bought for the children by the St. John Club at Severna Park's expense. On Christmas Eve the gifts were delivered to the Canadian youngsters, and later their father expressed his gratitude in a letter to the Severna Park Club.

Many other Clubs, too, helped the



With three of their loaded baskets ready for Santa, Rotarians of Ballwin, Mo., get set for a round of visits to nursing homes in Ballwin and near-by Manchester. To the residents of the homes they presented 350 gifts of candy, fruit, and tobacco.



To the Salvation Army goes \$2,030, the check being presented by Rotarian Hansel Smuts to Captain H. I. Turner. It is the amount South Bend, Ind., Rotarians collected during a busy day of manning the kettles.

Again the Salvation Army Christmas fund goes up! In Cairo, Ill., Rotarians ring the bell and make music to call attention to kettles that need filling to bring the spirit of Christmas to needy families.



Photo: Courtesy Cairo Association of Commerce

old Saint last year in his round-the-world flight, and again this year they plan to lighten his load in ways not yet known to your scribe. A report of some of their '52 activities, however, will afford a preview of '53.

Many Rotary Clubs held parties last year for the children of their communities. In Adams, N. Y., the Rotary Club hosted 60 kindergarten children at an outdoor gathering, replete with gifts and carol singing. At the Xenia, Ohio, Club's yuletide fête for boys from local schools, some 90 youngsters were given presents by a Rotarian Santa Claus, while in Brandon, Vt., the Rotary party had 30 happy youngsters. For more than 30 years, the Rotary Club of Lexington, Ky., has brought the Christmas spirit to orphans of a local home, and the '52 affair included a dinner and gifts. Other Rotary parties were held in Staten Island, N. Y.; Winnipeg, Man., Canada; Gloucester, Mass.; and Bay City, Mich.

Scores of Clubs planned their yuletide activities especially for crippled children, and in most instances gifts were sent to local hospitals. In Berkley, Mich., Rotarians brought gifts to a pre-Christmas meeting that were later distributed among crippled tykes, while in Adelaide, Australia, the Club donated canned goods to a crippled children's home. These Clubs also remembered the physically handicapped: Berwick, Pa.; Royal Oak, Mich.; Peterborough, Ont., Canada; and Canton, Ohio.

Needy families in Rotary communities were thought of, too, last year by Santa's Rotarian helpers. The Rotary Club of Wellington, New Zealand, held a "quiz kid" program that assessed members for giving incorrect answers, with the proceeds of more than £400 being distributed among local welfare organizations.



As one of ten choirs sings in a Lethbridge, Alta., Canada, church, the audience of 1,200 joins in. It was an evening of singing, with band music, sponsored by the Lethbridge Club.



Photo: Lethbridge Herald

For 54 families with 200 children in Quakertown, Pa., Christmas of '52 was gladdened when Rotarians there personally delivered gifts to them after having obtained their names from local doctors and hospitals. In Gladewater, Tex., the Rotary Club gave 40 gifts and 40 bags of fruit to one of Santa's helpers for needy children of the community.

By ringing Salvation Army bells on street corners, Rotarians also helped Santa cheer the needy. Such helpers were seen in Hudson, N. Y.; Muskegon, Mich.; Bemidji, Minn.; Chillicothe, Ohio; and Newport, Ky. The Havre, Mont., Rotary Club put Christmas gifts in welfare baskets by admitting to a movie youngsters who brought cans of food—with all the canned goods going to the Salvation Army.

Servicemen away from home were kept from having a lonely yuletide last year by two British Clubs that included men in uniform in their Christmas plans. In Pinner, England, the Rotary Club invited U. S. Air Force officers from a near-by base to its holiday meeting, while in Oxford, England, the Rotary Club shared its Christmas celebration with U. S. soldiers by inviting Air Force personnel to sing carols around a tree out-of-doors. The night before Christmas of last year was also cheered for soldiers at Camp Atterbury, Ind., when the Rotary Club of Columbus, Ind., provided a gala dinner there for many "G. I.'s" who couldn't be with their families.

To bring joy to the hearts of children and adults alike, Rotary Clubs also sponsored carol singing. For the second time the Rotary Clubs of Capetown and Wynberg, South Africa, arranged their outdoor "Carols by Candlelight" festival, which was heard by some 25,000 people. In Edmonton, Alta., Canada, Rotarians also sponsored a community-wide outdoor carol festival.

In these and many other ways did Rotarians last year help old St. Nick add joy to the miracle of Christmas. It's always a big job to bring the spirit of Christmas to everyone, and Santa never has too many aides. But each year he counts on his Rotarian helpers, and they never fail him. It will be no different this year.

—Yours—THE SCRATCHPAD MAN



Two Rotarian bell ringers in Portland, Oreg. —Julius Nodel (left) and Kersey C. Eldridge—take their turns at the kettles. In three hours the Portland Club raised \$1,400 for the Salvation Army.

Photo: (above) Portland Oregonian; (below) Dyar



A familiar—and melodious—holiday sight in Anderson, Ind., is this "Rotary Carol Cruiser," which brings the lilting Christmas songs to all the community. It cruises for ten successive evenings and has the cooperation of 21 local church choirs.

Keekwulee Men at Work

*They have a pleasant duty
in Rotary in Seattle.*

By **WALTER R. HOEFFLIN**
Rotarian, Seattle, Wash.

Whoever's a Keekwulee in the Seattle Rotary Club wears this ribbon at meetings.



GETTING the new fellows acquainted with the older ones may be no problem in a Rotary Club of 40 members. But when your Club has shot up to 492 men, as ours has here in Seattle, then it's a real one. Our Keekwulee Men are fast solving it, however. In case you don't know that word "Keekwulee," I'll explain it—a bit later.

Like many a large Rotary Club, this Club Number 4 of ours—which is going to entertain Rotary's 1954 International Convention next June 6-10—has always recognized the importance of assimilating its new members quickly and thoroughly. For years we've had a New Members Committee which "shall be responsible for the education of members as to the accepted meaning, purpose, responsibilities, and limitations of Rotary and shall give special attention to new members."

That Committee has really tried to do a good job over the years. Its members, wearing white identification ribbons, spotted the new members at the Wednesday luncheons and invited them to tables where the Committee introduced them all around. Still this did not seem enough.

So, as a further step, our Committee arranged Spring and Fall banquets at one of our fine men's clubs. Four Past Presidents each talked briefly on one of the four services of Rotary, and the 25 to 30 new members and the equal number of older members who were present all enjoyed the fellowship and inspiration. Even so we kept feeling that this was not enough—too much at one time, too much left undone between times. Get-

ting all new members out for our fireside meetings each year also proved good for fellowship—but something still seemed lacking in the matter of assimilation.

About that time one of my sons who is a member of the Rotary Club of Los Angeles, which is about the same size as ours, began to tell us about his Club's "Junior 50's." The more we learned about this Los Angeles method of gearing in new Club members, the surer we were that it was the answer to our prayers, so to speak.

Thus early in the Rotary year 1952-53, our New Members Committee, with the green light from our Board, called a "no host" luncheon of all new members of less than a year's membership in Seattle Rotary to discuss setting up some comparable group. It was decided then and there to organize.

An appropriate name was one of our first goals. With typical Rotary spirit the Rotary Club of Los Angeles gave us permission to copy theirs—"Junior 50's"—but after several monthly meetings, the group almost unanimously chose "Keekwulee Men!"

The Rotary Club of Seattle has as its informal insignia the totem pole as depicted on our weekly bulletin. One of the new members came up with the idea that a new member was, in effect, the low man on the totem pole. After some research, we learned that the Chinook Indian vernacular for low men on the totem pole is "Keekwulee Men," and that is how all new members thereafter in Seattle Rotary automatically became members of "Keekwulee Men."

We have just held our tenth monthly evening meeting of the Keekwulee Men (our August meeting, incidentally, having been held on the yacht of one of the members for an evening's cruise of our beautiful Puget Sound). We have been

obliged to graduate several of our group who have been members of Seattle Rotary for one year. Strange as it may sound, there was real regret on the part of many, for none of the group wants to leave it. It's a case of "shoving the fledgling" right out of the nest. In the future we'll make the graduation something significant and long to be remembered. Irving S. Smith, who was our Club President during the incubation period, and his successor, Cassius E. Gates, have given the little club within a Club every possible encouragement. So have their Boards.

How are our Keekwulee Men set up and what do they do? It's a long story best told by a study of three rather impressive items: (1) their own roster, which is limited to 50 men; (2) their Outline of Group Organization, which sets forth their purpose, aims, and organizational structure; and (3) the organizational schedule of the Seattle Club's New Members Committee which "big brothers" the Keekwulee Men.

They meet once a month in the evening, starting off with a social hour, moving into a good dinner, and winding up with talks on and about Rotary by their counsellors, who are veteran members and officers of Seattle Rotary. They greet the new Keekwulee Men and graduate the old; they hear the story of Rotary world-wide and local—and learn that this large Club which they have joined has proud traditions of service to their community; they discuss the fact which Club President Cassius Gates puts in a friendly letter to all new members that their Club "has long enjoyed the highest attendance record of all the Class-A Clubs in the world and naturally we are jealous of that record." Quickly they learn that this is a rare and dynamic group of community leaders whose company they have been invited to join and they show themselves eager to get started and pull their own weight.

Low man on the totem pole? In terms of time in our Club our new member is low man, but, as you see, we accord him a high place in our regard. We want him to like us, and vice versa. More important, we know that an informed Rotarian is a good Rotarian—good for our Club, good for Rotary everywhere, and thereby good for just about everybody.

As I noted earlier, we got the beginnings of our idea from Los Angeles. If you in your big Club or little one want to borrow our idea and fit it to your needs, go ahead, and more power to you!

A CLUB SERVICE FEATURE

East Ham Youth Get Career Tips

From the first month to the last, the past fiscal year was a busy one for the Rotary Club of EAST HAM, ENGLAND, with its activities ranging from a barn dance for the financial benefit of local Boy Scouts to a television party at Coronation time for some 100 old folks. But the "crowning glory of the year," as a Club spokesman phrased it, was a four-day careers exhibition held in the Town Hall to give parents, teachers, and school graduates more information about vocational opportunities. With the coöperation of the local Chamber of Commerce and the Trades Council, the Club arranged for 23 vocational exhibits that included such fields as building, electrical engineering, banking, civil service, and the military forces. Each booth was staffed with qualified persons to answer questions, and, in some instances, to demonstrate the type of work performed. A 36-page booklet listed all the exhibits and gave information about many fields not displayed. Admission was free and to the exhibition came several hundred adults and teen-agers.

'Induct Yourself,' Says Newburgh

In the mechanics of Rotary is the welcome given to new members—a procedure which follows no standard pattern. In some Clubs the welcome is nothing more than a simple, friendly introduction of a new member at the first meeting he attends, while in others the ceremonies are more elaborate. An example of how these proceedings do vary among individual Clubs is seen in a method used by the Rotary Club of NEWBURGH, N. Y. It is a procedure that has new members "induct themselves," and it involves having the new wearers of the cogged wheel give talks on some aspect of Rotary at their initial meeting. One such meeting had six new members undergo "self-induction," and their talks included such subjects as "How Rotary Functions" and "Rotary and the Community."

Canes and Boys Tell This Story

An unusual combination—canes and boys—but it's the right one for this service story about the Rotary Club of SHERBROOKE, QUE., CANADA. First, the cane part of the story. It began when the Rotary Club of MONTREAL, about 90 miles to the west of SHERBROOKE, started a drive to provide canes for a local rehabilitation center for crippled persons. The SHERBROOKE Club was invited to assist in the project, and it quickly responded. Through publicity in newspaper columns and the efforts of SHERBROOKE Rotarians, the Club received 50 canes that it sent on to MONTREAL. The second portion of this story—the part concerning boys—pic-

tures an aspect of the SHERBROOKE Club's youth program. Along the shores of near-by Little Lake Magog is a boys' camp sponsored by a men's organization of the local YMCA. To it each Summer go scores of boys who are able to pay the camp's nominal fee, but not all boys who want to go can afford to pay. That is when the SHERBROOKE Club steps into the picture by meeting the camp costs for these lads. The Club is invited to spend a day at the camp each year, and at the '53 outing some 30 Rotarians inspected the wooded area, chatted with the boys, and then lost a softball game to them.

Dairy Show Gets Bigger and Better

For the past seven Summers a dairy show for 4-H farm youngsters in Tennessee's Bedford County has been striding ahead in every respect. Sponsored by the Rotary Club of SHELBYVILLE, the first show in 1947 numbered 40 entries and the prizes totaled \$500. The 1953 production attracted 125 entries and the prizes soared to \$1,200. As reported by a Club observer, the show has improved in other ways, too. The quality of the animals shown is better, the competing boys and girls have acquired more skill in exhibiting their entries, and the interest of county residents has gone from "fair" to "splendid." The recent show was a two-day event, and one of the high lights of the competition was the winning of an award by a former polio victim (see photo).

Uvalde Puts It All in a Book

For four years a vocational-counseling plan has been developing in the southwest Texas town of UVALDE under the sponsorship of the Rotary Club there. Recently all the ideas about it crystallized in the tangible form of a handbook for students and their teachers. But before the handbook appeared, the Rotary Club asked a lot of questions of many business and professional men whose answers form the



"Thanks, champ," says James W. McGrath, President of the Rotary Club of Faunskin-Bear Valley, Calif., to Paula Jean Myers, U. S. national diving champion, for her talk to the Club.

Photo: Nelson



Wide eyes and a wider smile proclaim the happiness of Billy Sanders, a polio victim, standing by his winning calf at a 4-H dairy show sponsored by the Shelbyville, Tenn., Rotary Club (see item). He won showmanship award.

Photo: Christenson



Winner of the Frank Vertin Attendance Award in District 173 for the third time, the Park Rapids, Minn., Club keeps the trophy. E. A. Savage (left), 1952-53 Club President, accepts it from Jas. F. Murphy, then Governor.

Photo: Smith



Better prepared now for emergencies is Otego, N. Y., as this fully equipped ambulance and squad stand ready for calls. It is the result of action sponsored by the Otego Rotary Club, some of whose members are wearing badges in the above photo.



In Howrah, India, the Rotary Club sponsored essay, health, and debate contests that attracted 154 student participants. Here the

winners pose for the cameraman, with the contest judges seated at a table on which stand the trophies for all the victors.

substance of the volume. The questions put to them were these: What educational program would you recommend to a boy or girl to take your place? What does your business or profession do for you besides make a living? Can you cite one or more human-interest situations that have caused you to stay in business? In the form of a questionnaire, these were sent to men in six southwest Texas towns, including UVALDE. Their vocations ranged from accountancy and architecture to merchandising and utilities, and they replied at length

gain in terms of friendship, for soon six near-by Canadian Rotary Clubs banded together to replace the items lost. Thus, at a meeting of the AJAX Club, shortly after the fire, representatives of these six Ontario Clubs were there to replace the destroyed belongings: TORONTO, WHITBY, PORT HOPE, BOWMANVILLE, OSHAWA, and PICKERING.

Some Club 'Vets' Not forgotten by Have a Big 'Day'

members of long-established Rotary Clubs is the pioneer work done by veteran members during a Club's early years, and to honor these "old-timers" many Clubs name a "Day" for them. In ROCKFORD, ILL., for example, the Rotary Club held a "Charter Members' Day" not long ago that honored 15 such members who are still active in the 37-year-old Club. Each of the Rockford "vets" received a Rotary lapel emblem bearing the designation "Charter Member," and also a luncheon badge with the same inscription. During the meeting it was recalled that the Rockford Club was given its charter during ceremonies held aboard the steamer *Illinois*, while it moved up the Rock River.

Honors also recently came to ten GAINESVILLE, FLA., Rotarians when their Rotary Club presented them with framed distinguished-service awards "in recognition of their long and fruitful service to the Club and community."

Seven of those so honored were chosen for their long membership, while three were recognized for their work as Past District Governors.

An "Old-Timers' Day" held by the Rotary Club of SPOKANE, WASH., recently put in the spotlight four of the Club's members who became Rotarians 35 years ago. Plaques were awarded to each of them as a memento of the occasion, and one of the charter members told of the Club's early days.

Some High Notes on Attendance

Not for the sake of a good record alone, but for increased fellowship and better Rotary service do Clubs strive for high attendance averages. An example of this was seen in PATNA, INDIA, where the Rotary Club has achieved high attendance figures in District 53 for several years. During one four-year period the Club exceeded its attendance averages for each successive month. . . . To keep absenteeism at a minimum, the Rotary Club of HUGO, OKLA., uses this novel method: The Club owns two rabbits—at least they used to be two—and a goat, and absentees are required to take care of these four-legged penalties for a week. Not long ago the problem of taking care of these animals was increased twelve-fold when one of the rabbits had a litter of a dozen.

Often do Clubs go for "many, many



A check for \$5,290, the proceeds from an Easter Seal campaign sponsored by the Niagara Falls, Ont., Canada, Rotary Club, is handed to Mrs. M. R. Wallace, of the Ontario Society for Crippled Children, by Rotarian Richard Coulson. Looking on is John M. Bampffield, President of the Club.

to the queries. Now their remarks are incorporated in a bound handbook alphabetically indexed by vocation, and used by teachers to help students see various occupations as they are viewed by men actively engaged in them. As an extension of this vocational-counseling program, the UVALDE Club was reported to be working on another handbook that would contain occupational analyses by all business and professional men in the community.

Friends Rally 'round Ajax Fire

Early in 1951 the Rotary Club of AJAX, ONT., CANADA, was organized, and soon it had all the items it needed for its meeting place: a rostrum, a clock, its country's flag, Rotary song books, copies of the Rotary publications *Adventure in Service* and *Service Is My Business*, and framed photos of Britain's Queen and Paul P. Harris, Rotary's Founder. All was going well for the young Club until a recent fire destroyed the property it had acquired. But while the fire represented a loss in terms of dollars and cents, it also represented a



A dozen "Dutch" lasses—all wives of Rotarians of Bacolod City, The Philippines—strike a pose from the "Little Dutch Dance" they performed at a recent inaugural gathering of the Bacolod City Club. Their costumes ring true from hats to shoes.

weeks with 100 percent attendance in their aim to reach a specific attendance goal. A Club that recently set its attendance sights high was that of Bronson, Mich. It was aiming for 52 consecutive 100 percent meetings, and at the time a Club spokesman reported on the endeavor, the 50th consecutive 100 percent had been tallied. . . . And speaking of 100 percent meetings: The Rotary Club of HALIBURTON, ONT., CANADA, was engaged in a two-Club attendance contest, and when one of its members, J. Frederick Greer, broke his leg while in PETERBOROUGH, ONT., it looked like the goal of a 100 percent meeting was out. But it wasn't. On the PETERBOROUGH Rotary Club's meeting day, all HALIBURTON Rotarians went to PETERBOROUGH, 50 miles away, took Rotarian Greer, with his doctor's permission, on a stretcher to the PETERBOROUGH meeting.

Hobbs Host to British Teacher

A schoolteacher who recently learned firsthand about the Rotary kind of hospitality in several towns of New Mexico was Daisy Matthews, of NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE, ENGLAND. In the United States through the cooperation of the British and U. S. Governments, she was assigned to teach at a high school in SANTA FE, N. MEX., but her activities ranged far beyond the municipal limits of SANTA FE. In the eastern part of the State, some 275 miles away, the Rotary Clubs of HOBBS, ENLICE, and LOVINGTON extended invitations to her for a week-long visit and she accepted. Following an air trip to HOBBS, Miss Matthews addressed Club members, students, and faculties, and answered many questions. The Rotary Clubs arranged industrial tours for her, and each evening she was a guest in a Rotarian home. All her expenses were paid by the Clubs.

News Briefs on Overseas Students

To many a Rotary Club meeting has been added an international note by the presence of visiting students from overseas, as this brief sampling of the practice shows. In MOE, AUSTRALIA, for example, the Rotary Club hosted four Asian students from Indonesia, India, and Caledonia. In Australia for one year of study, the students were guests in Rotarian homes for four days, and gave talks about their homelands at a Club meeting. . . . The Rotary Club of MANCHESTER, ENGLAND, not long ago, entertained 12 students from seven different lands at a dinner that helped "both sides to learn more about each other than would have been possible at a dozen casual meetings."

Rotarians of BRECKENRIDGE, MICH., now have a better understanding of Japan and its people as the result of a visit paid the Club by a Japanese student attending near-by Alma College. The student spoke to the Club about popular customs in her native country. . . . A fourth avenue of service activity related to overseas students was recently accomplished in MACON, GA., though the Rotary Club there didn't entertain students at a Club meeting. What it did was to enable several scholars from

Take a Page from Yokosuka



To help make the streets of their communities as free of accidents as possible is the aim of many Rotary Community Service planners. Below is the story of how a Japanese Club has improved traffic safety at a busy street intersection in its city. Do you see an idea for your Club?

AS CITY officials from Juneau to Johannesburg know, a sizable increase in a community's population usually adds to its traffic problems. The seaport city of Yokosuka, Japan, proves no exception to this experience. Long one of Japan's largest naval bases, it has of recent years also been used by the U. S. Navy, which accounts in a large way for more automobiles and pedestrians being on its streets.

As this street congestion grew, the need for better traffic regulation became apparent in this community that formerly had no need for overhead stop-and-go signals. But no appropriation existed in municipal funds for the installation of traffic lights, and consequently accident statistics took a sharp upward turn.

As the condition worsened, the Rotary Club of Yokosuka began to reason that a safer community would be a better community, and it started to work for the installation of a traffic signal at Yokosuka's busiest intersection. A campaign was organized to raise funds for the lights, and after months of work the money became sufficient and a signal was installed.

Spurred by the resulting improvement in traffic statistics—and also by the gratitude of the townspeople—Yokosuka Rotarians are now sponsoring the installation of two more signals in other parts of the city.

Thus has a Japanese Rotary Club joined the long list of other Clubs that have helped to make walking and driving on city streets safer for everyone.



Turning the switch to start the overhead traffic signal operating is Kakujiro Suzuki, President of the Yokosuka Club. Present, too, are Club members.

other lands to attend an international-relations conference at Wesleyan University by paying their expenses to it.

On the Western Coast of Australia is PERTH, a university community with students from many Asian lands. Below PERTH, about 200 miles, is MANJIMUP, a rural town whose Rotary Club doesn't overlook the nearness of overseas students in planning its International Ser-

vice activities. Recently the Club invited several Asian students to spend part of their vacation as the guests of Club members, an arrangement that enabled the visitors to see something of the forest country of Australia. Commenting on the success of the get-together, a Club spokesman said, "It gave both hosts and guests an opportunity to know one another better, and to learn



Off to a clinic for recreational therapy go five cerebral-palsied children of Valley Stream, N. Y., with their transportation provided and tuition paid by the Valley Stream Club, which raised \$972 for the project. Helping them are Donald A. Hall (left), Committee Co-Chairman, and Roger J. Farthing, Club President. The white-sweatered miss is a Girl Scout helper.

Photo: Marshall



Getting a behind-the-wires look at a local telephone exchange are Rotarians of Norwalk, Calif., who are doing so as a Vocational Service activity designed to learn more about the other fellow's business. About 30 members are in the group on a 45-minute conducted tour of the telephone plant.

more about their customs, manners, and way of life."

When 36 European students, in the U.S.A. under the auspices of the American Field Service, reached SHREVEPORT, LA., on a bus trip that covered a part of the United States, they were the guests for two days of the SHREVEPORT Rotary Club. The Club gave each student a letter of greeting to the Rotary Club of the student's home city.

At its recent nine-week Summer session, the Southwestern Louisiana Institute in LAFAYETTE had in attendance 23 students from Latin America, and in this enrollment the LAFAYETTE Rotary Club saw an opportunity to draw still closer some inter-American ties. To do so, it fêted the students at a Club meeting and the students expressed their thanks by presenting the program. They represented Colombia, Venezuela, El Salvador, Cuba, Panama, Nicaragua, and Brazil.

More News on Sacramento Visit In this department for July was reported a few brief facts about the visit of seven German business and professional men to SACRAMENTO, CALIF., under the sponsorship of



Photo: Tessicini

To help a local hospital enlarge its building, the Rotary Club of Natick, Mass., decided to donate \$500 to the building fund. Here Arthur Taddeo, 1952-53 Club President, hands a check for that amount to Mary Dunn, hospital administrative superintendent.

Photo: Cumberland



In the U.S.A. as an exchange teacher under the Fulbright Act is Muriel W. Lansbury, of Harrow, England, and her assignment is at a Somerset, Ky., high school. To help her become better acquainted in the community, the Rotary Club has her as its guest, and the President, William M. Clark, presents her with a radio at the meeting.

the Rotary Club there. Since then, additional information has come to Rotary's Central Office about the visit. The German visitors were in the United States under the auspices of the State Department. All were from DARMSTADT, GERMANY, and the purpose of their trip was to observe governmental operations and to learn business and industrial techniques. SACRAMENTO was chosen for their first stop in the U. S., and the State Department asked the Rotary Club to sponsor the 18-day stay. Among the experiences the visitors had were these Rotary-conducted ones: attendance at the California Governor's monthly council and two meetings of Sacramento's city council; visits to hospitals and clinics, high schools and colleges, and the Chamber of Commerce; tours of large industries and public utilities; and dinners in the homes of many Club members. They also met with many labor leaders to discuss labor-management problems. One of the visitors was



At the opening of a new \$10,000 Boy Scout cabin in Melfort, Sask., Canada, the Rotary Club of Melfort presents a final check that brings its total donation for the cabin to \$3,500. At the microphone is Harold E. Wilson, 1952-53 Club President, as he speaks to the assembled Scouts. At left is Rotarian John G. Egnatoff looking over the Club's final check.



A lifesaving gift! Here members of the Maywood, N. J., Rotary Club present to the director of a local hospital an oxygen tent for use by townspeople at no charge. Fred Ranieri, Club President, is in the center with Rotarians Roy Smith and Roy Schmidt at his side and H. Rueppler in the chair.

a charter member of the DARMSTADT Rotary Club.

'Be Our Guests,' Say These Clubs

Businessmen and high-school teens are getting to know one another better in many communities, and behind this growing friendship is the work of many Rotary Clubs. In CLINTON, OKLA., for example, the Rotary Club has long entertained the freshman class at the beginning of each high-school term and the senior class at graduation time. Also, the Club invites students to attend its weekly meetings. Its present membership includes ten men who had their first contact with Rotary as freshmen or seniors at the local high school. Four of these ten members have served the CLINTON Club as President.

Another Club with a long-time student-guest program is that of CHARLOTTE, N. C. It brings a senior classman from each of four local high schools to Rotary meetings for one month, and at the end of each attendance period the boys write an essay on a Rotary topic. All the essays are later judged and the winner is presented an award upon his graduation. . . . Among other student-guest programs are those conducted by the

Rotary Clubs of READING, PA.; McKEES ROCKS, PA.; SALEM, MASS.; TAYLORVILLE, ILL.; and OTTUMWA, IOWA.

Dover Honors Schoolmarm

As Mollie F. Flynn and Fanny L. Morrison, two veteran teachers of DOVER, N. H., approached retirement, they perhaps wondered if the community they had served so long would in some way take notice of their leaving. As it turned out, the community did take notice, for the DOVER Rotary Club did not let their retirement pass without a meeting in their honor. Representing 94 years of teaching experience, the two teachers sat at the head table in the meeting room and heard four school officials praise their work as instructors and principals in DOVER schools. Both spoke to the large audience of Rotarians and guests, and each received a framed certificate of merit from the Club.

25th Year for 12 More Clubs

December is silver-anniversary month for 12 Rotary Clubs whose charter year goes back to 1928. Congratulations to them! They are: Erick, Okla.; Canyon, Tex.; Floydada, Tex.; Gallipolis, Ohio; Malmo, Sweden; Syracuse, Kans.; Wrexham, Wales; Porto Alegre, Brazil; Naugatuck, Conn.; Delaware, Ohio; The Pas, Man., Canada; Campbellford, Ont., Canada.

When the Rotary Club of DEVONPORT, AUSTRALIA, recently marked its 25th anniversary at a special luncheon, the program included many features that harked back to the days of the Club's founding. One of the high lights was a welcome accorded to four charter members who are still active in the Club, one of whom served as the foundation President.

As the Rotary Club of PITMAN, N. J., entered its 32d year of service to its community, it noted the occasion by combining the anniversary meeting with induction proceedings for new officers.

25 New Clubs in Rotary World

Rotary has entered 25 more communities in many parts of the world since last month's listing of new Clubs. They are (with their sponsors in parentheses): Sölvesborg, (Karlskrona), Sweden; Baldock, England; Daylesford (Ballarat), Australia; Livingstone (Bulawayo), Northern Rhodesia; Heredia (Alajuela), Costa Rica; Erdington, England; Ramshotbottom, England; Amsterdam-Noord (Zaandam), The Netherlands; Yass (Murrumburrah-Harden), Australia; Maebashi (Kiryu), Japan; Terneuzen (Goes), The Netherlands; Lyallpur (Lahore), Pakistan; San Ramón (Tala), Uruguay; Vacaria (Bento Gonçalves), Brazil; Stockholm-Arsta (Stockholm Söder), Sweden; Paita (Piura), Peru; Chirala (Guntur), India; Wodonga (Albury), Australia; Tumut (Wagga Wagga), Australia; Pembroke, England; Queenstown (East London), Union of South Africa; Pinetown (Durban), Union of South Africa; Takapuna (Auckland), New Zealand; Maricopa (Chandler), Ariz.; Highlands (San Antonio), Tex.

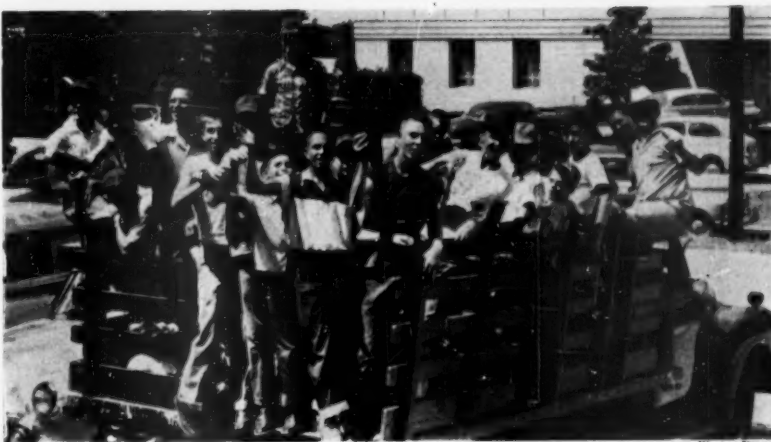


Photo: Drum

Off to the Waco, Tex., Rotary Club's boys' camp go these lads chosen for good citizenship and scholarship. It was the second season for the camp and 50 boys attended. Their training schedule included the practice of a famous code: the Four-Way Test.



What they won't do to help the kids! These graceful ballet dancers are Saraane Lake, N. Y., Rotarians performing at their third annual musical show for the Club's youth fund. They practiced months for the number and were coached by a member's wife, Marjorie Carey, a former ballet dancer, shown in the arms of her husband.

Photo: Rotarian Don W. Slighter



Shades of a boy named Tom! The man with the brush is Philip Lovejoy, Past Secretary of Rotary International, as he adds some paint to a famous fence in Hannibal, Mo. He was there to speak to the Rotary Club. With him are Edward V. Long (left), Past RI Director, and Albert E. Hoffman, 1952-53 President of the Club.



TRYING TO LICK A TRAFFIC PROBLEM? The Urban Transit program tells how to meet the ever-growing problem of traffic congestion and inadequate parking facilities. Designed to stir

public action, the unusual film "Going Places" dramatizes the strangulation of our cities by the traffic monster and shows the most economical and practical solution.

Four dramatic film programs to help solve your community problems

As your city expands, its problems grow. As concentrated populations spread to the suburbs, additional supplies of water must be provided, sewage facilities become increasingly inadequate, streets become jammed during rush hours. As communities expand, a demand for better recreational facilities is created.

Often it is only through co-operative community action that cities can meet these problems. General Electric offers a series of timely film programs *through your local electric utility* to help you stimulate your community's thinking about solutions to its particular problems. Each program consists of an educational motion

picture or slidefilm, an authoritative manual for civic leaders, and supplementary literature. Non-commercial in nature, each of these programs helps to arouse public support for community improvement by showing you how other progressive communities have met the same problems.

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'BRIEFS' ABOUT ROTARIANS,
THEIR HONORS AND RECORDS.

TWO-GIFT MAN. When a Philadelphia, Pa., Rotarian reaches—however reluctantly—a birth anniversary, he's always certain to receive at least one present that will help make the day memorable: a specially packaged spaghetti dinner from a fellow Rotarian, **LOUIS RONCACE**, president of his city's only macaroni and spaghetti factory. For seven years this delightful custom has been his personal friendship project. Recently, however, something new was added: a jar of honey from **ROTARIAN RONCACE**'s own hives near his suburban home. An amateur beekeeper since childhood days in Italy, he has kept his interest in the busy insects. Seldom is it that a week goes by without a call to take care of some troublesome bees, though he points out that "bees are no trouble unless they're bothered."

Linked. A chance association at a Rotary golf outing more than a quarter century ago led to the formation of a modern "Four-Musketeers." The four—



They have been linked for 25 years.

J. B. GARNETT, **DONALD E. ROSSITER**, **C. V. NICHOLS**, and **L. B. SINCLAIR** (left to right in photo)—all charter members of the Rotary Club of Highland Park, Ill., at the end of the day's play decided to meet the following week on the same day for a renewal of the event. It was the same the following week—and the next and the next. Spring, Summer, Fall, found the fellowship foursome on the golf links. When Winter snows covered the greens of Illinois, the four became bowlers—or filled in with jaunts to Southern vacation spots for some rounds on the fairway. The only interruption in the quarter century came when **DR. ROSSITER** was called into military service in World War II. At war's end the linked linksman took up where they left off—and continue to this day. Each, incidentally, represents a different decade on the calendar, each is a grandfather.

Author. From the pen of **CLEO T. SILVEY**, a member of the Rotary Club of Indiana, Pa., and director of the music department of State Teachers College, has come *Orientation in Music from Present to Past* (Theodore Presser Co., Bryn Mawr, Pa.), a text-guide for non-

music majors. **DR. SILVEY** is national chairman of the National Music Educators Association Committee on Music for the General College Student.

Twin Celebrants. When **E. R. RISTINE**, retired Cornell College professor and an honorary member of the Rotary Club of Mount Vernon, Iowa, was a mere 95, he penned this verse:

*Believe it or not, I'm still alive
And going strong at 95
Drive my own car and walk erect,
There's nothing the matter with me,
by heck!*

When readers' attention was called to this verse in these columns in December, 1952, it was noted that **ROTARIAN RISTINE** was then 99 and getting ready to celebrate the 100th anniversary of his birth at the same time that Cornell College observed its centenary in 1953. "Mr. Cornell," as he has long been known, has now reached age 100—and so has his beloved Cornell College.



Ristine

Record Holder. In Bonham, Tex., Rotarians are proud to tell visitors of the fact that on their Club roster is the man who served the longest term in history as Speaker of the United States House of Representatives: **SAM RAYBURN**. Now minority leader, **CONGRESSMAN RAYBURN** is an honorary Bonham Rotarian, recently addressed his Club at a meeting.

Mover Men. **CLARENCE A. ASPINWALL** and **PHILIP L. GORE** are Washington, D. C., Rotarians who like to keep things moving. In fact, that's their business. They "specialize in the precious and the difficult, serve Kings and Presidents from New York to Moscow to Baghdad," as was noted in an article about them and their company in *The Saturday Evening Post* recently. Their firm stores things, too: from furniture to fortunes in art objects to—in one case—worthless lottery tickets, though the last came, obviously, as a complete surprise when a deceased client's trunk was opened. But no surprise is it to those who know **ROTARIANS ASPINWALL** and **GORE** to learn that their every business transaction is subject to the test "Is it fair?"



Photo: Carter

It's a business seminar at the University of Washington and Rotarian N. H. Gellert, of Seattle, blackboards his point. Looking on are University President Henry Schmitz; candy manufacturer C. H. McKinstry, Rotarian; Baynard Wheeler, associate professor of general business at Washington "U."

You and I and the Atom

[Continued from page 16]

more understandable by citing some atomic phenomena:

... a pound of coal can be converted by combustion into about four kilowatt hours of electrical energy, but if that same pound of coal were converted into energy under the $E=mc^2$ formula, it would yield as many kilowatt hours of electrical energy as all the power plants in the U. S. could generate by running one entire month.

... it has been computed that if all the matter of the earth were to be compressed into its ultimate compressible state in accordance with what is now known about the atom, we would have a ball about the size of a basketball. And on that basketball our physical selves would not form a pin point.

... if a particle of nuclear fluid no larger than a grain of milady's face powder were to lie anywhere on this earth, it would weigh millions of tons and could not be carried away by a train of motor trucks.

Should we not stand in awe before this? Or write a psalm about it? The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof. . . !

All this power and wonder has been with us for eons and eons of time, but the knowledge of atomic energy came to man only very recently. In the total understanding which we now have of it, it seems as if it had been revealed to man somewhat in the way we sometimes receive a gift from a friend who wishes to tease us. He first wraps his gift in a small box, then places that box in a larger one, and so on until his humor is satisfied. Thus did we unwrap nuclear energy from one box to the next.

In the simpler stages of human life man employed energy as other creatures did. He walked across plains, climbed mountains, handled sticks and stones, and all this was a usage of energy. It was all on the level of things and substances, and these he shaped to his needs.

In the next box he got access to molecular changes. He used fire to warm his huts, cook his food, and eventually to form steam to run his locomotives. Each time he probed a little deeper into the constitution of matter he found greater energies at his disposal. When he finally moved from electronic and chemical changes to nuclear reactions, he multiplied the energy released by a million or more times.

Now the world is slowly getting over its introduction to nuclear physics, but in some ways it is like the charwoman who inherited \$50,000. The men whose offices she cleaned gathered about her when they heard about it. When she was

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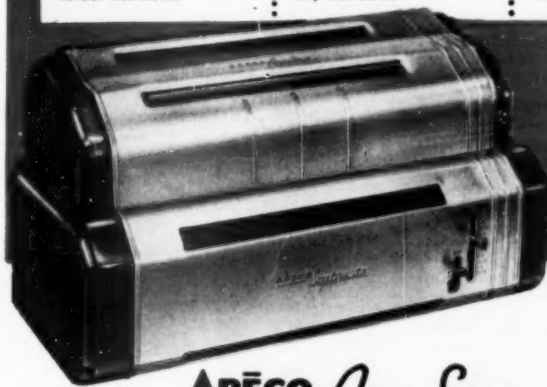
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asked if she would quit her job, she said no, because she wouldn't know what to do with her time. "But," she added, "Heaven help them as gets in the way of my mop." We are no wiser to be slinging our "mops" around just because of a new-found gift.

Yes, the universe is wondrous indeed, and we should gasp at it as we know it now. It seems, however, that we incline toward the sophomoric viewpoint of things, that we must not be impressed, and that we must be like the "wise guy" whose ready response to anything unusual is "Yes, I know." As wondrous as all these things may be, and as penetrating as our analysis of matter may seem to be, there is no one thing on this earth about which men can say they know all there is to be known.

We build up our body of knowledge in much the same way we climb a steep grade to higher levels of ground. What lies below us is intellectually ours, but what lies beyond the horizon tends to grow even more rapidly than the ground we place under foot. It is beyond the horizon where lies the land of the unknown. We should approach it with a capacity to be mystified, and to stand in reverent awe before the universe and be impressed by it. It is only by such an attitude that we indicate our intelligence rather than our ignorance.

Now, as the accumulation of scientific knowledge goes on at a faster pace, where it may lead no one can say. But we have learned a few more "what's" and a few more "how's," but we still know very little about the "why's" of things. We live in the midst of marvels, of organized and pulsating energies, most of which we have not yet learned to recognize, and many scientists feel

The Spirit of Christmas

What is it that stills for a day the feverish stir of man's industry, and locks the door of shop and countinghouse? What is it that knits anew the web of old friendship on Christmas Day? What is it that floods a myriad of homes with light and laughter and love giving? What is it that for this one day in the year sets all the world at work to make the little children happy? What is it that makes the thoughts of good men and women everywhere turn to the poor and the lonely on Christmas day?

What is it? It is the spirit of Christmas. And to define the spirit of Christmas I am poor in words. But this much is certain: There is in it the gleam of a star! There is in it the echo of an Angel's song! There is in it the smile of a Holy Child! There is in it the love of Heaven come down to earth!

—J. W. Butler
Rotarian,
South Houston, Tex.

that even now basic theory has been outreached by application. "Nature teaches us," observed Francis Bacon almost 500 years ago, "that in order to command her we must first learn to obey her."

But we are growing up and we are still learning, and someday we will truly organize the affairs of the world so that all men will enjoy greater degrees of happiness, health, and liberty, and the science of energy will help to show us the way. The last box has not been opened.

Abolish School Patrols?

Yes!—R. R. Hamilton

[Continued from page 19]

will disagree. There is no doubt that patrols have tremendous educational value. However, that leaves unanswered the question whether such value justifies the obvious risks inherent in patrol operation. But more about that later.

In no State, as far as I am aware, is legal control over public streets and highways vested in school boards. In other words, boards do not possess police power. This was made clear by the Attorney General of Pennsylvania in an opinion addressed to the State Superintendent of Public Instruction of that State. He sustained the legality of school patrols in Pennsylvania, but with important limitations. He said:

"The school district may, by reasonable rules and regulations for the conduct of pupils, safeguard the children when going to and from the school to their homes. . . . Having in mind modern traffic conditions, a rule requiring children to cross streets or highways at certain guarded points would be a reasonable and valid exercise of its authority over its pupils. Such a rule is self-regulation. It acts directly upon the pupil in restraint or constraint of his conduct and does not directly affect the general public. The regulation of the general public upon the streets and highways, and the creation and direction of the agencies necessary to enforce such regulation, is not inherent in a school

district nor is it delegated to it by statute. . . . We are of the opinion, and so advise that a board of education may safeguard its pupils on the streets and highways by establishing reasonable rules for their conduct while . . . going to and from their homes to school, but it is without authority to otherwise regulate the use of public streets . . . by the general public, or to enforce regulations for traffic movement through student patrol."

It is my opinion that the restriction described in the foregoing statement would, in all probability, be imposed on board power in every State in the absence of a law to the contrary.

As to the liabilities involved if injuries occur to a member of the patrol, or to others through patrol activities, the legal rule is clear, but difficult questions of fact would doubtless arise. Except in a very few States, the district is not liable for injuries arising from the operation of the school system, and this rule would doubtless apply to operation of the patrol. The same is true of the board, as a board. Individual members of the board would not be liable for their negligence if they act within their authority in establishing the patrols, and, as indicated above, such establishment is probably within their authority.

HOWEVER, below the level of board members, the rule is quite different. The immunity from liability of districts does not extend to school personnel. Administrators, teachers, supervisors, bus drivers, and other personnel are personally liable if their negligence is the proximate cause of injury to a pupil. The same legal principles are applicable to injuries which may result from patrol operation.

Whether a superintendent, principal, teacher, patrol supervisor, or other person concerned with patrol operation is guilty of actionable negligence is determined by a jury or a judge. The test applied is whether the person in question acted as a reasonably prudent person would have acted under the same or similar circumstances. School people are, therefore, obliged to "guess" at what acts of theirs, in patrol management, will, in a possible later legal action, be held to be nonnegligent. Certainly, placing a child on patrol in a position of danger would be negligent. The same would doubtless be true if irresponsible pupils are selected for patrol duty.

And now we come to the "sixty-four dollar" question—namely, does the entrusting of the safety of pupils to an immature child, a patrol member, of itself constitute negligence by school authorities? Is it "reasonably prudent" to charge a child, even one of high-school age, with the responsibility of conducting groups of children across busy thor-

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oughfares? This question has not been judicially answered. That it will be answered affirmatively when the question arises is a risk which school people who operate patrols must assume. I have the temerity to suggest that such action by school personnel is not "reasonably prudent."

This risk should not be imposed upon school people. If patrols are to be continued, educational associations should, in my opinion, insist upon statutory protection for those charged with patrol administration. A few States have general protective statutes for school personnel. Others, Pennsylvania, for example, expressly exempt school people from liability in patrol operations. It is submitted that the community has no legal or moral right to impose upon its school personnel the obvious legal risks which patrol organization, operation, and supervision entail.

To round out the liability picture, the individual patrol member would be liable for his negligent conduct just as if he were an adult. His parents would not be liable. Of course, a judgment against a child would, in the great majority of cases, be worthless, since he would seldom have money or property which could be seized in satisfaction of the judgment.

With great deference to those who think otherwise, I am convinced that school patrols should be discontinued or at least their general plan of operation greatly modified. Even if you disagree, possibly the following suggestions and expressions of opinion may help you if you decide to reexamine your school-patrol program:

1. School-patrol systems have, beyond any doubt, great educational value, but it does not necessarily follow that such value justifies the risks involved. Safety education, indispensable as it is, should

not, in my opinion, include patrol operation.

2. Superintendents, principals, patrol supervisors, and the patrol members would be personally liable if they should be found guilty of actionable negligence in their relation to patrol activities. These persons should seek express statutory exemption from liability.

3. It would doubtless be negligent to select for patrol duty other than very reliable pupils. Thus the educational value of patrol duty is accorded those pupils who need it least.

4. School patrols may not, according to all available authority, direct traffic upon the streets. I should like to raise the question whether they are not doing so when they indicate to pupils when they shall or shall not cross streets.

5. Assuming patrols were justified when traffic was not as heavy as it is at present, may it not plausibly be argued that the speed and density of modern traffic has rendered patrol "protection" of children obsolete? Can we longer justify, if we ever could, on educational or other grounds, entrusting the lives and safety of children to the judgment of immature minds?

6. The existence of patrols tends to create a false sense of security in the minds of the community. It is easy to assume that a street crossing "protected" by a patrol member is thereby made adequately safe.

7. Finally, I shall enter a plea for greater and more adequate protection for school children. Communities should insist that their children be protected by police officers, and should accept no less. Affording that protection is the responsibility of the police department. And, after all, can you think of any more important task its members should be performing when school children are subjected to the hazards of modern traffic!

Abolish School Patrols?

No!—Says Richmond Barbour

[Continued from page 19]

almost no limit to what they can do. They are the greatest kids on earth, no fooling.

In many communities traffic patrols are trained by members of the police traffic bureau. In the small city we just visited there is only one traffic officer. He trains the patrols in two different schools. In larger cities, one officer may have eight or ten or more patrols to train. While his boys are on duty, he circulates from school to school. He checks on performance, spots weaknesses, provides encouragement, and receives reports. The boys are selected for the patrol by the teachers of the school.

Harem-scarem, irresponsible kids are avoided. Only the more responsible ones are selected. There are several phases in the training. Every step of the patrol procedure is practiced until it becomes automatic. The training takes weeks. Neophytes are brought along from phase to phase until finally the big day comes. Then they stand on the curb and direct traffic. It is one of the greatest thrills of a lifetime. Talk with your son about it. He'll tell you.

The patrol boys are taught to memorize license numbers quickly. Drivers who ignore the junior patrol soon find that their mistakes have been duly

noted. They are visited by an adult officer, who has a full record of the dereliction. If the offense is aggravated, the driver may be arrested and brought to trial. If not, a warning suffices.

In some cities, the cost of the uniforms is borne by the Parent-Teacher Association. In many others, uniforms are paid for by the police-department budget or the school budget. There is great competition among the boys of the school for the privilege of serving on the patrol. Membership comes as a recognition of superior character and responsibility. Most of the boys in a school *try* for membership on the patrol, and benefit from the effort.

THE junior patrol is not a panacea for all the possible traffic problems that can revolve around a school. Where used in the wrong situation, or where children are not properly selected and trained, the results can be tragic. Some of the more obvious limitations are listed below:

1. Junior patrol should *not* be attempted on major arterial highways where heavy traffic must move at a rapid pace. The complications of such an operation are too great. Children cannot be expected to handle them. Where such conditions prevail, it is well to have traffic signals, and a uniformed adult policeman in plain sight all the time. Schools should never be placed on major arterial highways if it can be helped.

2. Junior patrols do not operate successfully at any great distance from the school. They need to be close to the school, close to the supervision of the principal, and close to a source of adult help in case of an emergency. Two to three blocks from school is a reasonable limit.

3. The patrols should operate from a sidewalk curbing, plainly and safely separated from the street. The boys must *never* be expected to direct traffic from the street level. If curbs and sidewalks are not already in, they should be installed before the patrol begins operating. Do you remember a safety accident a few months back which showed a patrol boy run down at his post in the middle of the street? The boy should not have been there to begin with. He would not have been there in a properly planned patrol.

4. The patrols won't work unless they are manned by the most responsible, intelligent, capable kids of the school. Juvenile screwballs, bad actors, slow thinkers, chronic teasers, in-and-outers, have no place on a junior safety patrol. The job requires the best of students and the best of training. Nothing short of the best will do.

5. The patrols should not be put into operation until their legality has been cleared with the proper authorities. If



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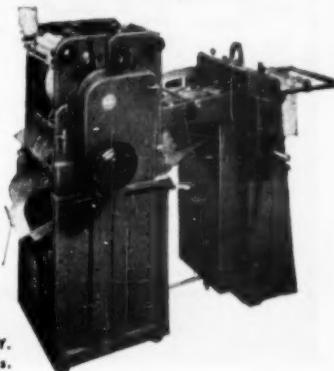
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the boys on the patrol, or their parents, assume liabilities by the patrol activity, they should be amply protected by insurance paid for from public funds. They should not be expected to assume any liability for performing a public service.

What are the benefits of a school patrol? Here they are as I see them:

1. Foremost benefit is the increased safety of children going to and from school. A great many communities have found the safety record of their junior patrols excels all other types of traffic control. Twelve well-trained young boys on a street that isn't too busy usually can do a better job of protecting children than one policeman. Town after town has reported "no accidents whatever since the junior patrol took over."

2. The benefits to the boys on the patrol are important. To them the job is very real and very important. It is the first real man job they've tackled. It becomes the major interest of their lives. The safety lessons they learn there are not forgotten. Sometime ago I saw an analysis of the teen-agers who had received traffic tickets in one of America's largest cities. The most significant thing in the analysis was the absence of boys who had been on junior traffic patrols. Hardly a one of the offenders had been on the junior traffic patrol. The people who made the study concluded that the greatest factor predisposing a teen-ager to safe driving was the factor of prior safety-patrol membership. In addition, memberships teach responsibility, self-control, obedience, patience, and self-sacrifice. The lessons come at a time when our boys most need them.

3. Almost equally important are the benefits that accrue to the other children in the school, not just those on the patrol. The other children can and do identify themselves with the patrol boys, more than they do with police. They

seem to develop greater responsibility for their own conduct, and better attitudes toward traffic safety when they are under the direction of admired classmates, than they do when they are under the direction of any adult. Safety becomes "their job" too. They become proud of their patrol and try to help it.

4. A fourth group to benefit are the adults in the community with a good junior-patrol program. They all take pride in their little patrolmen. They enjoy reading about them and watching them work. Attitudes toward safety are important. It may have been smart for a motorist to speed and take chances when the one he is fooling is a traffic policeman. It is not smart, not socially approved, to try the same stunts when children are the policemen.

5. Finally, costs must not be ignored. One policeman by himself can watch only one corner. When his time is rearranged so that he can train and work with junior safety patrols, one policeman can "watch" many corners simultaneously. The saving in tax is considerable.

No one pattern for junior patrols will fit all schools and all communities. Each school presents special problems requiring intelligently developed local solutions. Legal difficulties will vary from State to State and county to county. Educational and geographical problems will vary from school to school. They'll have to be cleared up, surely. But when they are cleared up and a good junior traffic-safety patrol gets into operation, the results are amazingly fine. Safety records are improved. Good character traits are fostered in the patrol boys and in all the pupils. Adult attitudes toward safety are improved, and money is saved. In the long run, the benefits far outweigh the limitations. The junior patrol should be continued, should be strengthened, and should be expanded.

Rotary Foundation Contributions

SINCE last month's listing of Rotary Clubs that have contributed to the Rotary Foundation on the basis of \$10 or more per member, 29 additional Clubs had at press time become 100 percenters. This brought the total number of 100 percent Clubs to 3,191. As of October 19, \$72,499 had been received since July 1, 1953. The latest contributors (with numbers in parentheses indicating membership) are:

ARGENTINA

Coronel Suárez (13).

AUSTRALIA

Warringham (23); Horsham (43).

BRAZIL

Guararapes (26); Ituverava (16); São Paulo Norte (26).

CANADA

St. John's, Nfld. (126); Wolfville, N. S. (45); Sarnia, Ont. (71); Ajax, Ont. (25).

MEXICO

Coatzacoalcas (21).

UNITED STATES

Brazil, Ind. (51); Jeffersonton, Ky. (29); Washington, Ind. (50); Rupert, Idaho (41); Taft, Tex. (37); West End (Beaumont), Tex. (47); Manchester, Vt. (28); Madison, Ind. (53); Vassar, Mich. (35); Bedford, Ind. (68); Berea, Ohio (25); Catasauqua, Pa. (25); Floydada, Tex. (58); Willits, Calif. (37); Liberty, N. Y. (24); Macon, Mo. (37); Bethel, Vt. (34).

SOUTH AFRICA

Strand (20).

The Fiddler's Lesson

By MAC. O. ROBBINS
Rotarian, Santa Ana, Calif.

WE WERE on our way to the Christmas-week Rotary meeting—my 9-year-old son and I—and as we walked through the sunlit gardens of St. Ann's Inn we passed an old blind fiddler, sawing out his tunes and hoping the yuletide spirit would help him rustle a few coins in his tin cup. Near him sat a ragged urchin, bored with his job of leading the old fellow around.

I had asked my son if he'd like to attend a Rotary meeting with me during his Christmas holidays, and as he'd heard a lot about Rotary at home he came along gladly. He wanted to see what it was that Dad talked about most every Tuesday evening at the supper table.

We'd finished our national anthem, our salute to the flag, and our invocation, and were nearly through the luncheon meal when the hotel manager stepped up to our Club President with a message. After a whispered conversation, President Bill announced: "The manager says the old blind fiddler has asked if he may come in and play for us for a few minutes." The sentiment was divided until someone said, "Fellows, it's Christmas! Let's have the old man in to play, and let's give him a few dimes. It's Christmas." So in the old man came, his battered fiddle under his arm, his eyes shielded by big black glasses, his cane tapping along the floor as the urchin guided him across the room.

"What can Grandpa play?" asked President Bill. The lad replied with the first confidence he had shown: "Grandpa can play most anything you ask for, but I think he plays *Roses of Picardy* the best of all." Well, *Roses of Picardy* was a favorite of our Club. Our own Bob had sung it frequently for us in his rich baritone. Gus, another of our members, was an accomplished concert pianist, and always played Bob's accompaniments when he sang for us. So when President Bill said, with his eyes a-twinkle, "Bob and Gus, suppose you go over to the piano and help Grandpa," there was hearty applause from us all. What could be richer than to have a nationally known concert pianist and a wonderful baritone soloist assigned the job of playing and singing with an old blind fiddler off the street! Go ahead, you fellows! We'll all have fun out of this!

So Gus stepped over to the piano,



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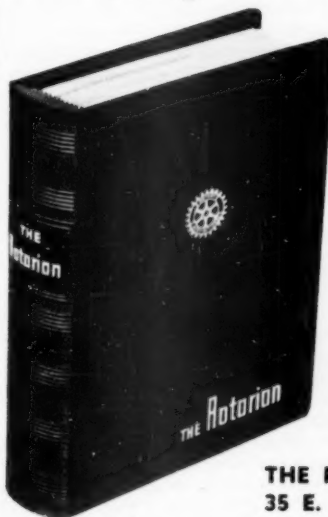
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flexed his fingers, and sounded an "A" to give the fiddler his pitch for tuning. Bob took his place beside them.

Suddenly, as I sat there with my 9-year-old son beside me, he practicing piano every day and hoping soon to start on the cello, a flood of sentiment swept over me. Here was music, the universal language, and Christmas, the spirit of kindness and goodwill, bringing together the great and the lowly. Music and Christmas cut right across the barriers between brilliance and mediocrity, between position and fame, between poverty and want.

So we listened. Bob's voice, as always, was glorious. Gus played the piano with his usual marvellous beauty. The old fiddler wasn't too good, and he wasn't too bad. But they all played and sang together, and it was Christmas—and the little urchin ran among us gathering in the coins we offered. Perhaps some of the others were stirred as I was. We applauded and applauded.

Then came a shock. With swift motions the blind fiddler suddenly pulled off his dark glasses and ragged hat and revealed himself as one of our own members: Earl, the district manager of the 'phone company. Not one of us had recognized him. Not one of us had been "in on" the clever stunt Earl had fixed up with the hotel manager!

More than 30 years have passed since that Christmas-week Rotary meeting. St.



Ann's Inn is no more. Gus, the concert pianist, has moved away to the big city. Baritone Bob's health forced him to give up Rotary. Earl answered his last 'phone call years ago. I'm a senior active Rotarian now, and my son—then a boy of 9—is an active Rotarian, the third generation of us to wear the blue and gold wheel. Nevertheless, I still like to remember how music and Christmas brought together the concert pianist, the baritone soloist, and the blind fiddler to play and sing for us at Rotary that day.

But we had been tricked, you say? We had, indeed. We had been gently tricked into sharing our fellowship and into "doing unto others" as we had not always done. In the decades since, many a person for whom handicaps are not a masquerade has been the gainer. Is that so far from Rotary—or from Christmas?

Your Letters

[Continued from page 2]

of THE ROTARIAN should have some idea of the scope of our support. A quick, and I am sure incomplete, checkup indicates that ten Rotary Clubs have helped with transporting delegates to conventions, providing housing for out-of-town delegates, and advising the Junior Statesmen in regard to their activities; 11 more have, in addition, provided financial aid. Two Clubs have invited speakers from the Junior Statesmen Foundation to address them. Fifteen Clubs have invited Junior Statesmen to speak before them on the Junior Statesmen petition to lower the voting age in California to 18 years.

We of the Covina Rotary Club have given our support wholeheartedly because we feel it is a solid investment in good citizenship.

'East High Was Punctual'

Says STUART C. HALL, President
Graduate Statesmen of America
Berkeley, California

In his article in THE ROTARIAN for October, *Stripling Statesmen*, Michael Costello referred to a statement made by "Madam Treasurer" at last April's State convention of the California Junior Statesmen of America. Actually,

"Madam Treasurer" was Mr. Treasurer—myself. The girl Mr. Costello suggests as having been the treasurer was probably one of my very able assistants, Anita Nolan, of Santa Maria.

Then, too, the fact also remains that this episode never occurred at all. Since I called all rolls, I can positively state that there was no challenging of any votes at any time during the session. The East High School chapter from Salt Lake City, Utah, was amazingly punctual about paying its State dues, which amounted to \$4, not \$2, because of their eight members. They were then granted two legislators, not three, as the article indicated.

Song Suggestion for 'Josie'

By OTTO W. BOERS, Rotarian
Civil Engineer
Lacon, Illinois

IN THE ROTARIAN for September Doron K. Antrim asks *What's in a Song?* and then proceeds to give us the historical background of some of the tunes we sing in the Rotary Club.

That article of Mr. Antrim's started me thinking about one of the songs we sing every time one of our members has a birthday. It is, of course, *Happy Birthday to You*. I have no particular aversion to the song itself—it's a happy little ditty and has all the lilt, rhythm, and laughter of childhood—but when a

In the Spirit of Christmas

"But you were always a good man of business, Jacob," faltered Scrooge, who now began to apply this to himself. "Business!" cried the Ghost, wringing its hands again. "Mankind was my business; charity, mercy, forbearance, and benevolence were, all, my business. The dealings of my trade were but a drop of water in the comprehensive ocean of my business!"

This quotation from Dickens, *A Christmas Carol*, appears on the fly-leaf of Rotary's best-selling book about vocational service—



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group of bifocalled "old Josies" who have lost all their teeth and most of their hair attempt to sing it in a quavering voice and with discordant harmony to commemorate the birthday of one of their cronies, gentlemen, it's like putting the right shoe on the left foot: it just doesn't fit.

You see, the celebrant has lost all the charm and innocence of childhood. He has lived and is still living a full and useful life; he faces the daily events and problems of life with sober contemplation. His convictions, tempered and seasoned with retrospective understanding, have mellowed and matured with him. He has acquired a knowledge and a wisdom that only experience and contact with the world can give him, and now when his friends insinuate that he is in his second childhood, it creates within him a psychological reaction that's not pleasant; it creates a type of subcutaneous irritation that he doesn't enjoy. He may smile while his friends are singing, but secretly and deep down he resents the accusation.

We would like to suggest as a musical birthday card for the "old Josie" a recent popular song hit that we think is quite appropriate—at least it is in harmony with his way of life and is in step with his habits, his thoughts, and his desires. We submit the first verse and chorus of *Enjoy Yourself, It's Later Than You Think*.

Songs Bring Happiness

Finds NORMAN KUNATH, Rotarian
Optometrist
Eldora, Iowa

The first item that struck my eye in THE ROTARIAN for October was the letter on page 2 headed "Good Song Leader Needed." I agree with Rotarian Carl Rochat: much does depend on the song leader in Club singing.

I think I've told the Editors about how our Club annually sponsors a get-together of all individuals who have lived in our county (Hardin) for the past 75 years, giving them a program, food, and everything to brighten the remaining years of their lives. This has been done for the past 16 years.

Being the song leader of our Club, I composed words to the tune *Comin' Round the Mountain* for our party last year. It went over well. One of the verses was as follows:

After all the cats and trimmings disappear
And the last bite feels like running out
your car,
Just relax and let your hair down,
Laugh and visit 'til the sun's gone,
So God bless and keep you young the coming year.

We in the Rotary Club of Eldora have found that songs do bring happiness.

Customers Want to Be Wanted

Says Bob Pool, Rotarian
Jeweler
Pompano Beach, Florida

I can't remember any article which intrigued me as much as the debate-of-the-month for August [*If You Were This Merchant—What Would You Do?*]. I have read the many comments on it and see there an ingredient in the pot

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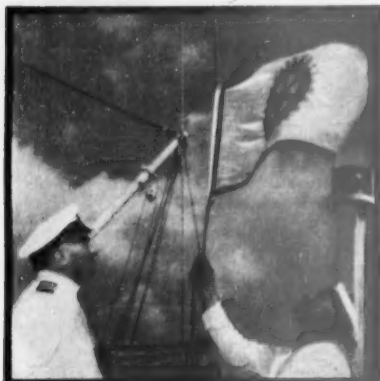


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"IT'S GOOD TO BE ON A WELL-RUN SHIP"

It's surprising

how many readers of The Rotarian magazine lead double lives. They're business executives, of course... and then they're mixed up in all kinds of civic and municipal activities... on park boards, city councils, school boards, hospital boards, church committees. Actually they have a lot to say about buying a whale of a lot of different things... for their businesses, their communities, and their homes.

The Rotarian
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you have started boiling, something which has appeared to me for a good many years to be an important part of the story. That is good old human nature, the spice of business.

As a youngster in business, I felt that certain rigid concepts were necessary for an honest and successful businessman. Later I found that I had a right to my own opinions, but they were not necessarily the only ones for success, and that they would have to be tempered with a consideration for others if they were to bring success at all, success being only a word for acceptance by the buying public of your goods and services.

I found out that customers are creatures with feelings, and they trade where they feel they are wanted, and where personal worth is appreciated.

Don't you believe that the woman in question was more concerned about that than about the fact that she had been unlucky with her purchase? Don't you feel that she was really asking the store to demonstrate that she had not been made the complete dunce she or her friends had made her feel she was? Isn't there an opportunity here for the clerk and the store manager to cement her friendship for a long time to come by dealing tactfully with her? I have seen good salesmen take such a situation and make a steady customer and ring up a larger sale than the one under dispute.

People are hungry for friendliness and appreciation. It is a commodity in business. As Rotarians, we do not believe in offering inferior goods or asking exorbitant prices, but we may be unwittingly short changing our customers on the unseen commodity of recognition of personal worth.

Refund Money to Customer

Says GERARD V. BLOEK

Kerkrade, Lim, The Netherlands

In answer to the question stated in the symposium *If You Were This Merchant—What Would You Do?* [THE ROTARIAN for August], I would refund the money to the customer, as she demands. In the first place, selling irregular merchandise means extra service and trouble.

People want their money's worth whether they buy "firsts" or "seconds."

Tuna Competition

Told by DOUG. MACLEOD, Banker

Rotary Club Treasurer

Yarmouth, Nova Scotia

Anyone who has ever held a fishpole or a reel will admit that Ben East's *The Squartails of Algoma* [THE ROTARIAN for September] is practically an engraved invitation to pack a bag and head for the bush country northeast of Lake Superior. But before anyone goes, maybe he'd like to see what can be caught off Nova Scotia in the way of really hard-fighting fish.

For example, here is the 580-pound bluefin tuna which Ollie J. Gilson, a Houston, Texas, Rotarian [see photo], caught last Summer on the famous Soldier's Rip, near Wedgeport, Nova Sco-



Tuna by the quarter ton (see letter).

tia, the site of the annual International Tuna Tournament. Rotarian Gilson fought two hours and 20 minutes to land his catch.

So, go ahead and think about Algoma and its squartails. But don't forget Nova Scotia and its tuna.

Highway Accidents Moral Failures

Thinks EUGENE A. ZELLER, Rotarian

Precision-Spring Manufacturer

Three Rivers, Michigan

Another recent week-end American holiday, Labor Day, saw its horrible toll of lives lost in traffic accidents. Some readers will undoubtedly recall John Kord Lagemann's *Let's Get Rid of Booby-Trap Highways* in THE ROTARIAN for December, and say, "Mr. Lagemann was right!" Others may recall some of the letters of comment which appeared in succeeding issues. Mr. Lagemann put a large share of the blame for accidents on what he called "booby-trap highways." Some of us differ with him.

In our estimation, the basic cause of almost every highway accident can be traced to the moral failure of the individual. It is wrong in the view of every religion to kill or inflict wanton injury on another person. It is wrong, morally wrong, to drive an automobile in such a way as to endanger life, whether that life be that of a fellowman or your own.

In spite of good roads, good automobiles, and good laws, we are all sometimes "bad" drivers. "Good" moral driving is finally the responsibility of the individual. Appeals to courtesy and self-preservation, traffic police and engineers, automotive-safety designers, safety councils—all these are but signs pointing to your and my duty. That duty is to be a "good" driver at all times.

Readers of THE ROTARIAN will, I believe, be interested in knowing that the Rotary Club of Three Rivers has undertaken to set forth the moral approach to the traffic-safety problem by means of mimeographed literature for posting in schools, churches, libraries, government buildings, etc., or wherever people con-

gregate. We are making copies of this material available to anyone interested. It is a project which we of Three Rivers think will pay dividends in saved lives.

Time to Reëvaluate Sports

Thinks DALE LOVE, Rotarian
High-School Basketball Coach
Chicago Heights, Illinois

Since I also am a coach, the debate for October, *Set up a Czar for Intercollegiate Sports?*, set me to wondering about the state of affairs in sports. We have been taught that the purpose of college and high-school sports is to teach the boys who participate, as well as those people who are spectators, the right attitude of good citizenship, fair play, honesty, respect for rules, and the willingness to sacrifice individual glory and attainment for the common good of the team.

Maybe I have taken an idealistic view, but it seems to me the way to clean up college sports is not to appoint a "police czar" to punish violators, but for each coach, athletic director, college president, and, above all, each alumnus to search his own soul and make sure his own efforts and practices conform to the ideals of true sportsmanship. Too many of our coaches and administrators merely give lip service to the principles of good sportsmanship and fair play and are "character builders" only when they have losing seasons.

If there is a need for a czar to police their actions, it would seem to me to be time for a wholesale replacement of coaches, athletic directors, and presidents, plus a reëvaluation of the real values and purposes of sports in our colleges, lest we annihilate ourselves through hypocrisy.

Minority Report on Student Loans

From EDGAR M. CARLSON, Rotarian
President, Gustavus Adolphus
College
St. Peter, Minnesota

Speaking for a college of 1,000 students, I must report that the situation described by Dean Fred H. Turner in THE ROTARIAN for September [*Student Loan? No, Thanks!*] is not characteristic of this campus. We would have no difficulty keeping a loan fund of \$100,000 in circulation continually. When a loan fund of about \$25,000 became available through a bequest a few years ago, it was all circulating within six months. We could use an additional \$25,000 for the current school year.

This is, admittedly, a minority report. The mood of students generally is undoubtedly as Dean Turner describes it. There is no inclination to go into debt for an education, regardless of how far one has advanced in his educational program. There is ready acceptance for greatly expanded scholarship programs and a real need for at least modest scholarship grants. Unfortunately, in many instances, scholarships have become a means of influencing students in the choice of a college rather than a means of increasing the number of qualified students

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(Signed) Raymond T. Schmitz,
Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 2nd day of October, 1953. (Signed) R. C. Hilbert.
(My commission expires April 25, 1957.)



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who can acquire a college education. This is currently a major problem both for institutions and for foundations and organizations granting scholarships.

I am convinced that an institution that was in a position to offer a college education for so much down and so much a month, extending the paying period beyond the years of expenditure, would be amazed at the favorable response. Hence, why not a Student Loan Administration, comparable to the Federal Housing Administration? It would involve the insurance of private loans similar to FHA and would be a Government expenditure only to the extent that necessary reserves against loss were required. If FHA adequately meets our social responsibility in the field of shelter, SLA should adequately meet it in the field of higher education.

The student who is not willing to risk something of his own future to pay for the economic advantage which higher education offers him is not a good risk for a scholarship. For higher education is a means of economic advantage. Every admissions office can tell you that parents and students think it will be and every study of graduates which has come to my attention indicates that it has been.

Dean Turner is right: we need loan funds, scholarships, and work oppor-

tunities. But if I were offered the choice between a scholarship and a loan fund, I would choose the loan fund.

Scholarships Not the Solution

Believes J. G. HADCOCK, Rotarian
YMCA Secretary
Kewanee, Illinois

The article *Student Loan? No, Thanks!*, by Fred H. Turner [THE ROTARIAN for September], was quite a shock to me. The gist of it as far as I could see was as follows: Many students don't want loans on any terms or at any interest rate, and many of them won't accept employment, so Rotarians are urged to help this situation by setting up a system of handouts in the form of scholarships!

It seems to me that if we have jobs going begging, and if we have loans with low or no interest until graduation going begging, the situation is well covered. This is the land of opportunity, not the land of the handout. At least I thought this was the Rotary approach, but there seems to have been a change.

To be sure, costs of student living have increased—doubled, it is said—but have you tried to hire part-time help at 25 cents an hour as you used to? I too was on NYA, and the student of today has an easier time than in the

The Oak in Autumn

*In the Fall when leaves are yellow, red, and gold,
When apples, haws, and grapes abound,
When nuts compelled to loose their hold
Come thumping down upon the ground.*

*'Tis then we know the love of life,
Of Nature calm, and sweet and pure,
Of simple things away from strife,
Where peace, nobility, and truth endure.*

*'Tis then we love the grand old oak
Whose gnarled and twisted branches high,
Whose roots far down, from earth invoke
The strength exalting to the sky.*

*We love each strong and knotted limb,
Each acorn settling 'neath the mold
Of forest aisles grown deep and dim,
Where earth's mysterious story's told.*

*We love each root, each twig, each leaf,
The golden sunbeam's filtered light,
The trunk that stands in fine relief,
Emblem of glory, strength, and might.*

*We love the strong and mighty arms,
That tell of vigils long,
Of struggles with tempestuous storms,
Of brave resistance strong.*

*We love the quiet, grand old tree,
That speaks of God each day,
A sigh from out eternity,
Of God's and Nature's way.*

—CHAS. F. CLARKE
Rotarian, Adel, Iowa

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past. It's easier to make money when there is a lot of it around.

We are not doing much to develop the initiative and resourcefulness of the student by telling people who refuse jobs and student loans that their reward for such refusal is to have the money given to them outright.

Student Loans? Yes!

Says **FRANK P. WILL, Cigar Mfr.**
Second Vice-President, Rotary Club
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

As one who has served for ten years as a member of a Committee administering the student loan fund of the Rotary Club of Philadelphia, I feel justified in taking exception to the view of those who believe scholarships for students should supplant loans [see *Student Loan? No, Thanks!*, by Fred H. Turner, **THE ROTARIAN** for September].

I agree that many youths are demanding a free ticket, all-inclusive, covering college education. We also find other groups of our population over the last decade or two claiming their right to compensation and security. The preference for scholarships and the attitude of a segment of students should, however, not void the value of the principle of student loans.

Our student loan fund has been in operation for 24 years, having been created by a Club contribution of \$2,500, with members providing the rest of the \$25,000 total. Loans in excess of \$100,000 have been granted, of which over the years 70 percent have been repaid, and open balances are considered good (less than one percent of the total loans have been uncollectible).

The student is required to sign a promissory note which bears interest at 5 percent after graduation or conclusion of internship. The note stipulates the manner in which the loan is to be repaid. Frequent payments keep the obligation alive and do not interfere with a reasonable life program of the borrower.

Our files are filled with letters of appreciation from those we have assisted, and we are encouraged by the results. We are confident the army of students we have served—some 300 of them—would attest to the real help received from our student loan fund.



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HOBBY

Hitching Post

A four-legged animal fabled for his craftiness comes in for much attention this month in these pages as two Rotarians write about hobbies concerned with the same mammal. First is ROTARIAN FRANCIS E. BUSHMAN, of Quincy, Massachusetts, a wholesale grocer whose hobby originated in England.

I AM what is known in fox-hunting circles as a "hound man," a breeder of dogs with the speed and stamina required to pursue a crafty fox over the countryside. I am also a fox hunter, as you might expect a breeder of foxhounds to be. I don't know if fate plays a part in the pursuit of a hobby such as mine, but I do know many sportsmen who believe that to be a hound man or a fox hunter you have to have it in your blood. And they are right in my case.

I was born in a wood choppers' camp in New Hampshire, where hunting and fishing were not only a daily activity and the general topic of conversation, but were also the means of our existence. My great-grandfather was a full-blooded Mohawk Indian, and my father was half Indian and half French, and thus I do have in my veins the blood of ancestors who pursued game and wild animals for subsistence and possibly in self-defense.

After my father passed away during my boyhood, we moved to Quincy, Massachusetts, for a more urban life than that lived in a lumber camp, but I still spent many hours trapping, fishing, and hunting as a pastime and for the money the game brought me. As far back as I can remember, I have had hounds of my own, though in my younger days the hounds were used for tracking and shooting our quarry. Today we run our packs of hounds in a hunt just for the sport of the chase. We never shoot the fox.

At my kennels at Braintree, just outside of Quincy, I have a pack of about 30 hounds, all Walker bred, which is a hound man's way of saying that his dogs are small in size and of a strain started by a famous breeder named Walker. I am not going to say that my dogs are the best in the country, nor am I going to single out one of them and say that when he dies it will be the end of that particular breed of hound. I am simply going to say that all my hounds satisfy me by their performances at field trials. They hunt as well as any other foxhounds I have run with, and sometimes I am lucky and return from a field trip with a prize.

Running my dogs in field trials has taken me, over the years, up north into Canada and as far south as Florida. The largest field trial in New England is the Brunswick, which has been held the past few years in Westfield, Massachusetts. The Brunswick Foxhound Club,

of which I had the honor to serve as president in 1952, is the oldest hunting club in America, and its object is "to promote the sport of fox hunting and to foster and improve the foxhound by judicious breeding." Its annual field trial lasts a week, and we usually run 200 or 300 dogs in the events.

The big hunt for foxhounds in the United States is the National, usually held in Kentucky or Tennessee, and to it come champion hounds from all over the nation to vie for the title of national champion. It was at the Kentucky trials one year, incidentally, that I lost a female foxhound valued at \$500, but found her there the next year when we were hunting about 20 miles from the place she had been lost. I didn't recognize her at first because her tail had been bobbed and the identifying tattoo mark cut away from her ear, but as soon as I was sure, you can bet I put her in with my pack.

The prize I cherish most among my dog trophies is the Breeder's Cup of the Kentucky Dog Derby which I won a few years ago. The hounds I won it with are named "Dyna" and "Flow"—a name used by a U. S. automobile manufacturer for an automatic transmission—and both these dogs took second place the same year at the Indiana Hunt. Usually they are "on the board," which means they are among the winners, of almost every hunt in which they are entered.

For readers unacquainted with foxhound field trials, perhaps a brief description of how they are run might round out this hobby story of mine. To draw a comparison, I would say that a field trial is like a marathon race, such as college and Olympic athletes engage in. Both are run over long courses, and spectators in both instances line the

path of the runners to see who is in the lead. Marathon runners are numbered for identification, and the hounds, too, have five-inch numbers painted on their sides. There are differences to be pointed out in this comparison, however. In a marathon race the outcome is determined at the finish line, while in a field trial the dogs are judged all along the course. Another difference is that the course in a marathon is laid out in advance, while the fox lays a hasty and unpredictable course for the hounds in a field trial.

The hounds are usually cast for a run at 6 o'clock in the morning, and the hunt called, or "blown off," at 11 o'clock. There is one judge for every ten dogs, and they score the hounds for speed, driving, hunting, trailing, and endurance. Each judge marks the time he sees the dogs, and records the identifying numbers of the dogs at the front of the pack. The dogs can be scored only once in ten-minute intervals, and if two judges submit scores on the same dogs at the same time, only one score is accepted for the final tallying.

When hounds locate a fox track, or find where a fox has been, they start to bark, or "give tongue," as the hunters say. When a trail is first struck, the bark is dull, but as the scent gets stronger the barking becomes louder and sharper. As the dogs get almost upon their quarry, the bark sounds like a high-pitched scream and the hounds become so bent upon catching the fox they can't be called off. So excited do they become that they will run right in front of cars or trains, if the course crosses highways or railroad tracks.

Most of the hounds used in field trials are trained to chase nothing but a fox, and if the judges see a dog chase a rabbit or bark at another dog's tracks, then that dog is scratched from the trial and can't be run any more at that event. The fox they chase is, as I stated earlier, never shot at a trial, and if he runs into a hole or a burrow, he is never dug out by the hunters, but is left to run another day. Some of the foxes keep a half mile or more ahead of the dogs, and do

Photo: Whitaker

For a talk on fox hunting at his own Club in Quincy, Mass., Rotarian Bushman set a foxy scene with an oil painting of one, and and by exhibiting four of his hounds. Helping him hold the dogs is Rotarian Joseph Guy, who donned the attire of master of the hounds for the program. Hunter Bushman has talked about his hobby before many Rotary Clubs in the U.S.A. and Canada.



all kinds of tricks to fool the hounds. They actually seem to enjoy the chase as much as their pursuers do, and if they didn't they could quickly end a run by scooting into a hole.

As I travel from hunt to hunt during the season, I enter many Rotary communities, and thus have an opportunity to make up my attendance. Often I arrange in advance to present a program on foxhounds and fox hunting at some of the Clubs I visit. For my talks I usually create a hunting atmosphere by bringing along a pack of six hounds, a couple of fox skins, and hunting pictures. I also display a large map showing the States where I have hunted and visited Rotary Clubs.

Running foxhounds is a thrilling sport and a healthful one, too. It gets you out in the open on clear, brisk days, and makes you feel almost as lively and spirited as the hounds. I like it so much that I am active in about a dozen hunting organizations, and have held office in most of them. But with it all I combine an active membership in the Quincy Rotary Club, in which I hold a perfect-attendance record for 21 years.

If what I've said here tempts any reader to run with the hounds at some future time, then to him I say, "Tally-ho!"

THIS pair of hobby stories spotlighting the fox is rounded out, appropriately enough, by a story written by ELEANOR N. Fox, wife of a Long Beach, California, Rotarian. She calls herself the "Vixen of the Family."

MY ROTARIAN husband is really quite a lad, and in our part of southern California he's becoming pretty well known as a man who let his last name lead him into a hobby. He collects miniature foxes, and he began doing so because he is a Fox—HUBERT O. Fox, that is. His models now number some 200, and they range in size from very small to lifelike, and in species they represent every kind of fox there is.

One of his most unique items is a life-size fox figure of terra cotta, which to our knowledge is the only one of its kind in existence. It was made by a sculptor prominent several decades ago, and given to my husband's grandmother at the time his father was born. That was about 80 years ago. It is a beautifully proportioned statuette and gets much attention at hobby shows and other displays.

The collection also includes fox figurines once owned by HUBERT's grandfather and father. It was from his father that he inherited eight fox pieces, including a fox-head stick pin, and it wasn't long after that that he adopted the collection as a hobby and began adding to it. In collecting these fox models he has been helped by thoughtful friends who remember his hobby and often bring back from their travels rare pieces obtained in other lands. The collection represents the work of artisans around the world, and contains items of porcelain, wood, silver, gold, ivory, china, iron, steel, glass, and pottery. Besides the figurines it also includes tapes-



Photo: Wide World

Rotarian Fox with his collection of some 200 foxes of all shapes and sizes.

tries, Japanese prints, etchings, ties, and many pieces of jewelry, all in keeping with the fox theme of the collection.

Like most collectors, my husband enjoys exhibiting his hobby wares to interested spectators, and has done so regularly for many years at hobby shows in our area. It has also been given wide publicity through articles in a hobby magazine and in a book about miniatures. Even our local newspaper has presented a story about HUBERT's sly little animals accompanied by photos of him and the collection.

As an indication of how fox-conscious both of us are, we usually have a fox design on our Christmas cards and throughout the year we include a fox-head arrangement on our stationery. And in HUBERT's "Fox's Den" the wallpaper design is—yes, you guessed it—very foxy in pattern. So you see this fox collection is a wonderful hobby for a Rotarian in Long Beach named Fox.

What's Your Hobby?

A brief note to THE HOBBYHORSE GROOM is all that is necessary to have your name and hobby listed below—if, of course, you are a Rotarian or a member of a Rotarian's family. All he asks is that you acknowledge any correspondence that comes your way following the listing.

Stamps: Robyn Lindsay (9-year-old daughter of Rotarian)—collects stamps; will exchange Australian stamps for those of other countries; 4 Corral St., Wollongong, Australia.

Stamps: Gastão Martinho (20-year-old nephew of Rotarian)—collects stamps; will exchange Portuguese and colonies stamps for those of other countries; desires pen pals; Rua José de Figueiredo 102, Oporto, Portugal.

Stamps: Mrs. Harold Jones (wife of Rotarian)—collects stamps; will exchange with others similarly interested; Box 174, Drayton, Ont., Canada.

Pen Pals: The following have indicated their interest in having pen friends:

Lucy Mills (16-year-old daughter of Rotarian)—would like to correspond with people of all ages; interested in art, music, photography, animals, books, plays, dancing, mountain vacationing; Kinhaven, Driftway, Roseland, N. J., U.S.A.

Elaine Evans (14-year-old daughter of Rotarian)—wishes to correspond with people her age; interested in reading, sports, music; 763 W. Jefferson St., Auburn, Ill., U.S.A.

Lillian Farley Brooks (daughter of Rotarian)—would like a pen pal aged 10-14 interested in swimming, music, horseback riding; 157 Walnut St., Chester, S. C., U.S.A.

—THE HOBBYHORSE GROOM



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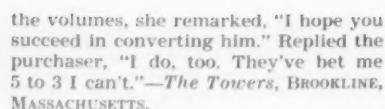
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DEPT. R-2 THE BARFIELD GROVES POLK CITY, FLORIDA



Two dollars will be paid to Rotarians or their wives submitting stories used under this heading. Send stories to Stripped Gears, THE ROTARIAN Magazine, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago 1, Illinois. The following favorite is from Mrs. Archer L. Burnham, wife of a Lincoln, Nebraska, Rotarian.

John Doe was fond of bread. The first night that he ate supper in the town's best restaurant he was served two slices. He asked for, and got, more. The waitress took note of the fact, and the next evening served him four slices. Again he asked for more. Every evening his serving was larger than the evening before. Finally, in desperation, the waitress took a whole loaf, cut it in two lengthwise, put it on a meat platter, and served it to Mr. Doe. "There," she said triumphantly, "how's that for bread?"

"It's fine bread," he replied, "but why did you go back to two slices?"

Here are some of England's distinguished sons and daughters and the professions in which they excelled. Can you match each person in the first paragraph with his profession in the second paragraph?

1. Dick Whittington. 2. Mrs. Siddons. 3. David Low. 4. Christina Rossetti. 5. Thomas Beecham. 6. Florence Nightingale. 7. William Blackstone. 8. Ethelred. 9. Thomas Hardy. 10. Samuel Pepys. 11. Laurence Olivier. 12. William Shakespeare. 13. Alexandrina Victoria. 14. Baron Rothschild. 15. Thomas Gainsborough.

- (a) Impresario. (b) Nursing. (c) Diarist. (d) Painter. (e) Historian. (f) Actor. (g) Ruler. (h) Poetess. (i) Philanthropist. (j) Actress. (k) Playwright. (l) Novelist. (m) Jurist. (n) Cartoonist. (o) Banker.

This quiz was submitted by Will Barker, of Washington, D. C.

In some of the following places you would have a roof over your head, but in or on others the sky would be your ceiling. Can you separate the indoors from the outdoors?

1. Delta. 2. Isla. 3. Igloo. 4. Steppe. 5. Copse. 6. Pagoda. 7. Casino. 8. Llano. 9. Moor. 10. Teepee. 11. Demesne. 12. Kiva. 13. Pampas. 14. Campus. 15. Mosque. 16. Tundra. 17. Butte. 18. Mas-

taba, 19. Savanna. 20. Kursaal. 21. Synagogue. 22. Oasis. 23. Mesa. 24. Minaret. 25. Manse. 26. Heath. 27. Chalet. 28. Plateau. 29. Chateau. 30. Wigwam.

This quiz was submitted by John Parke, of Clemson, South Carolina.

The answers to these quizzes will be found in the next column.

Medic: "Is there any insanity in your family?"

Bill: "Yes, I'm afraid there is. They keep writing me for money."—*Rotaview*, LONGVIEW, TEXAS.

Artist: "In a few years people will look at this house and say, 'Cobalt, the painter, used to work here.'"

Landlady: "If you don't pay your rent by tonight, they'll be able to say it tomorrow."—*The Mop*, FLAGSTAFF, ARIZONA.

In Glendale, California, a husky lad entered John Valentine's book store and purchased two leather-bound Bibles. "One of them," he explained, "is for myself. The other is for a guy at our shop that I'm trying to convert. Gambling is rampant there, and this fellow is the ring leader." As the clerk wrapped up

The Fixer pays \$5 for the first four lines of a limerick selected as the month's limerick-contest winner. Address him care of *The Rofarian Magazine*, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago 1, Illinois.

This month's winner comes from Mrs. Franklin E. Vilas, wife of a New York, New York, Rotarian. Closing date for last lines to complete it is February 15. The "ten best" entries will receive \$5.

A father named Elmer Z. Brown
Announced he would lay the law down.
He sat up until four,
Heard his son at the door,

Here again is the bobbled limerick presented in *The Rotarian* for August:

An efficient young waiter named Joe
Stacked dishes up to his elbow.
With a full load of stew,
He warned, "Coming through!"

Here are the "ten best" last lines:

Here is the classic reply made by a disgruntled father when his daughter exclaimed, "Did you ever hear anything so perfectly wonderful on the radio, Dad? Really, it is out of this world!" "No," replied the father, "I can't say I have, although I once heard a collision between a truck of empty milk cans and a freight car filled with live ducks."—*The Hub*, LODI, OHIO.

Thinking draws blood from the feet to the head. That's why thinking twice about a proposition often gives people cold feet.—*The Brooklet*, STONY BROOK, NEW YORK.


Young actor: "I've got a job at last, Dad; it's a new play, and I'm a man who has been married 20 years."

Father: "Splendid. That's a start, anyway, my boy. Maybe one of these days they'll give you a speaking part."—*Rotary Bulletin*, ALLIANCE, NEBRASKA.

Nanny and Billy were smelly old goats
And nobody liked 'em until
Old Farmer Brown made a trip into
town

And got 'em some fresh Chlorophyll
—ROTARIAN MAC KING

5a-6-b-7-m. 8-e. 9-l. 10-c. 11-f. 12-k. 13-g.
 14-o. 15-d.
 INSIDE OR OUTSIDE: Inside: 2, 3, 6, 7, 10, 12,
 15, 18, 20, 21, 24, 25, 27, 29, 30. Outside: 1,
 4, 5, 8, 9, 11, 13, 14, 16, 17, 19, 22, 23, 26, 28.



We'd hate to embarrass anyone

but cold facts and figures
show that of the
301,885* upper bracket
executives who read
The Rotarian magazine,
only about one-third read
any of the other four
leading executive
publications.

We mention it just in
case you think you have
this market covered.
Could be that a second
look at your list is
in order.

The
 **Rotarian**

35 E. WACKER DR., CHICAGO 3, ILL.

*301,885 net paid ABC, June 1953

Down in Latin-America there are 31,467 (ABC)
more of these men. They read
Revista Rotaria—the Spanish
language counterpart

Planned Offices

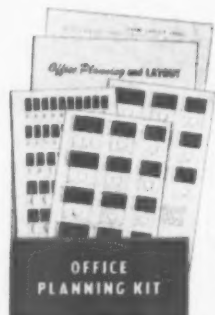
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